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THE ANGEL WATCH; OR THE SISTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed;
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see;
"Sleep, duteous child" the angel said,
And I will watch for thee!"

Sweet slumber like a blessing fell
Upon the daughter's face;
The angel smiled, and touched her not,
But gently took her place;
And oh, so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,
The angel-guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.

Like rays of light the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown;
Like rays of light the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own:
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl;
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl!

The mortal and immortal each
Reflecting each were seen;
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's pale face between.
O human love what strength like thine!
From thee those prayers arise
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold—
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder showed the curtain'd bed—
The still and sickly room:
"My daughter!—art thou here, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!"

"If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried;
"God knows my heart: I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide;
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!"

The Angel kissed her; and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the angel's arms!
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace—
But nothing there appears,
Except her mother's sweet, dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

THOMAS HOOD.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is the lot of some men of genius to be born as if in the blank space, between Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*—their proximity to both originally equal, and their adhesion to the one or the other depending upon casual circumstances. While some pendulate perpetually between the grave and the gay, others are carried off bodily as it happens, by the comic or the tragic muse. A few there are, who seem to say, of their own deliberate option, "Mirth, with thee we mean to live;" deeming it better to go to the house of feasting than to that of mourning,—while the storm of adversity drives others to pursue sad and dreary paths, not at first congenial to their natures. Such men as Shakspeare, Burns, and Byron, continue, all their lives long, to pass, in rapid and perpetual change, from the one province to the other; and this, indeed, is the main source of their boundless ascendancy over the general mind. In Young, of the "Night Thoughts," the laughter, never very joyous, is converted, through the effect of gloomy casualties, into the ghastly grin of the skeleton Death—the pointed satire is exchanged for the solemn sermon. In Cowper, the fine schoolboy glee which inspirits his humour goes down at last, and is quenched like a spark in the wild abyss of his madness—"John Gilpin" merges in the "Castaway." Hood, on the other hand, with his strongest tendencies originally to the pathetic and the fantastic-serious, shrinks in timidity from the face of the inner sun of his nature—shies the stoop of the descending Pythonic power—and, feeling that if he wept at all it were floods of burning and terrible tears, laughs, and does little else but laugh, instead.

We look upon this writer as a quaint masquer—as wearing above a manly

and profound nature, a fantastic and deliberate disguise of folly. He reminds us of Brutus, cloaking under pretended idiocy, a stern and serious design, which burns his breast, but which he chooses in this way only to disclose. Or, he is like Hamlet—able to form a magnificent purpose, but, from constitutional weakness, not able to incarnate it in effective action. A deep message has come to him from the heights of his nature, but, like the ancient prophet, he is forced to cry out, "I cannot speak—I am a child!"

Certainly there was, at the foundation of Hood's soul, a seriousness, which all his puns and mummeries could not indifferently conceal. Jacques, in the forest of Arden, mused not with a profounder pathos, or in quainter language, upon the sad pageant of humanity, than does he; and yet, like him, his "lungs" are ever ready to "crow like chanticleer" at the sight of its grotesquer absurdities. Verily, the goddess of melancholy owes a deep grudge to the mirthful magician, who carried off such a promising votary. It is not every day that one who might have been a great serious poet will condescend to sink into a punster and editor of comic annuals. And, were it not that his original tendencies continued to be manifested to the last, and that he turned his drollery to important account, we would be tempted to be angry, as well as to regret, that he chose to play the Fool rather than King Lear in the play.

As a poet, Hood belongs to the school of John Keats and Leigh Hunt, with qualities of his own, and all but entire freedom from their peculiarities of manner and style. What strikes us, in the first place, about him, is his great variety of subject and mode of treatment. His works are in two small duodecimo volumes; and yet we find in them five or six distinct styles attempted—and attempted with success. There is the classical—there is the fanciful, or, as we might almost call it, the "Midsummer Night"—there is the homely tragic narrative—there is the wildly grotesque—there is the light—and there is the grave and pathetic—lyric. And, besides, there is a style, which we despair of describing by any one single or compound epithet, of which his "Elm Tree" and "Haunted House" are specimens—resembling Tennyson's "Talking Oak,"—and the secret and power of which, perhaps, lie in the feeling of mystic correspondence between man and inanimate nature—in the start of momentary consciousness, with which we sometimes feel that in nature's company we are not alone, that nature's silence is not that of death; and are aware, in the highest and grandest sense, that we are "made of dust," and that the dust from which we were once taken is still divine. We know few volumes of poetry where we find, in the same compass, so little mannerism, so little self-repetition, such a varied concert, along with such unique harmony of sound.

Through these varied numerous styles, we find two or three main elements distinctly traceable in all Hood's poems. One is a singular subtlety in the perception of minute analogies. The weakness as well as the strength of his poetry, is derived from this source. His serious verse, as well as his witty prose, is laden and encumbered with thick coming fancies. Hence some of his finest pieces are tedious, without being long. Little more than ballads in size, they are books in the reader's feeling. Every one knows how resistance adds to the idea of extension, and how roughness impedes progress. Some of Hood's poems, such as "Lycus," are rough as the Centaur's hide; and having difficulty in passing along, you are tempted to pass them by altogether. And though a few, feeling that there is around them the power and spell of genius, generously cry, there's true metal here, when we have leisure, we must return to this—yet they never do. In fact, Hood has not been able to infuse human interest into his fairy or mythological creations. He has conceived them in a happy hour; surely on one of those days when the soul and nature are one—when one calm bond of peace seems to unite all things—when the "very cattle in the fields appear to have great and tranquil thoughts"—when the sun seems to slumber, and the sky to smile—when the air becomes a wide balm, and the low wind, as it wanders over flowers, seems telling some happy tidings in each gorgeous ear, till the rose blushes a deep crimson, and the tulip lifts up a more towering head, and the violet shrinks more modestly away as at lovers' whispers—in such a favoured hour—on which the first strain of music might have arisen, or the first stroke of painting been drawn, or the chisel of the first sculptor been heard, or the first verse of poetry been chanted, or man himself, a nobler harmony than lute ever sounded, a finer line than painter ever drew, a statelier structure and a diviner song, arisen from the dust—did the beautiful idea of the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" dawn upon this poet's mind—he has conceived them in a happy hour, he has framed them with exquisite skill and a fine eye to poetic proportion, but he has not made them alive, he has not made them objects of love; and you care less for his Centaurs and his Fairies than you do for the moonbeams or the shed leaves of the forest. How different with the Oberon and the Titania of Shakspeare! They are true to the fairy ideal, and yet they are human—their hearts warm with human passions, as fond of gossip, flattery, intrigue, and quarrel, as men or women can be—and you sigh with or smile at them, precisely as you do at Theseus and Hippolyta. Indeed, we cannot but admire how Shakspeare, like the arc of humanity, always bends, in all his characters, into the one centre of man—how his villains, ghosts, demons, witches, fairies, fools, harlots, heroes, clowns, saints, sensualists, women, and even his kings, are all human disguises, or half-lengths, or miniatures, never caricatures, nor apologies for mankind. How full the cup of manhood out of which he could baptise!—now an Iago, and now an Ague-cheek—now a Bottom, and now a Macbeth—now a Dogberry, and now a Caliban—now an Ariel, and now a Timon—into the one communion of the one family—nay, have a drop or two to spare for Messrs. Cobweb and Mustardseed, who are allowed to creep in too among the number, and who attract a share of the tenderness of their benign father. As in Swift, his misanthropy sees the hated object in every thing, blown out in the Brobdingnagian, shrunk up in the Lilliputian, flapping in the Laputan, and yelling with the Yahoo—nay, throws it out into those loathsome reflections, that he may intensify and multiply his

hatred; so in the same way operates the opposite feeling in Shakspeare. His love to the race is so great that he would colonise with man, all space, fair-land, the grave, hell, and heaven. And not only does he give to superhuman beings a human interest and nature, but he accomplishes what Hood has not attempted, and what few else have attempted with success; he adjusts the human to the superhuman actors—they never jostle, you never wonder at finding them on the same stage, they meet without a start, they part without a shiver, they obey one magic; and you feel that not only does one touch of nature make the whole world kin, but that it can link the *universe* in one brotherhood, for the secret of this adjustment lies entirely in the humanity which is diffused through every part of the drama. In it, as in one soft ether, float, or swim, or play, or dive, or fly, all his characters.

In connexion with the foregoing defect, we find in Hood's more elaborate poetical pieces no effective story, none that can bear the weight of his subtle and beautiful imagery. The rich blossoms and pods of the pea-flower tree are there, but the strong distinct stick of support is wanting. This defect is fatal not only to the long poems, but to all save the shortest; it reduces them instantly to the rank of rhymed essays; and a rhymed essay, with most people, is the same thing with a rhapsody. Even dreams require a nexus, a nusus, a nodus, a point, a purpose. Death is but a tame shadow without the scythe; and the want of a purpose in any clear, definite, impressive form has neutralized the effect of many poems besides Hood's—some of Tennyson's, and one entire class of Shelly's—whose "Triumph of Life" and "Witch of Atlas" rank with "Lycus" and the "Midnight Fairies"—being, like them, beautiful, diffuse, vague; and, like them, perpetually promising to bring forth solid fruit, but yielding at length leaves and blossoms only.

Subtle fancy, lively wit, copious language, and mellow versification, are the undoubted qualities of Hood as a poet. But, besides, there are two or three moral peculiarities about him as delightful as his intellectual; and they are visible in his serious as well as lighter productions. One is his constant lightness of spirit and tone. His verse is not a chant but a carol. Deep as may be his internal melancholy, it expresses itself in, and yields to song. The heavy thunder cloud of wo comes down in the shape of sparkling, sounding sunny drops, and thus dissolves. He casts his melancholy into shapes so fantastic, that they lure first himself, and then his readers, to laughter. If he cannot get rid of the grim gigantic shadow of himself, which walks ever before him, as before all men, he can, at least, make mouths, and cut antics behind its back. This conduct is, in one sense, wise as well as witty; but will, we fear, be imitated by few. Some will continue to follow the unbaptised terror, in tame and helpless submission; others will pay it vain homage, others will make to it resistance equally vain: and many will seek to drown in pleasure, or forget in business, their impression, that it walks on before them—silent, perpetual, pausing with their rest, running with their speed, growing with their growth, strengthening with their strength, forming itself a ghastly rainbow on the fumes of their bowl of festival, lying down with them at night, starting up with every start that disturbs their slumbers, rising with them in the morning, rushing before them like a rival dealer into the market-place, and appearing to beckon them on behind it, from the death bed into the land of shadows, as into its own domain. If from this dreadful forerunner we cannot escape, is it not well done in Hood, and would it not be well done in others, to laugh at, as we pursued its inevitable steps? It is, after all, perhaps only the future greatness of man that throws back this gloom upon his infant being, casting upon him confusion and despair, instead of exciting him to gladness and to hope. In escaping from this shadow, we should be pawing the prospects of our Immortality.

How cheerily rings Hood's lark like note of poetry, among the various voices of the age's song—its eagle screams, its raven croakings, its plaintive nightingale strains! And yet that lark, too, in her lowly nest had her sorrows, and, perhaps, her heart had bled in secret all night long. But now the "morn is up again, the dewy morn," and the sky is clear, and the wind is still, and the sunshine is bright, and the blue depths seem to sigh for her coming; and up rises she to heaven's gate, as aforetime; and she soars and sings, she remembers her misery no more; nay, hers seems the chosen voice by which Nature would convey the full gladness of her own heart, in that favourite and festal hour.

No one stops to question the songstress in the sky as to her theory of the universe—"Under which creed, Bezonian!—speak or die!" So, it were idle to inquire of Hood's poetry, any more than of Keats's, what in confidence was its opinion of the origin of evil, or the pedobaptist controversy. His poetry is fuller of humanity and of real piety that it does not protrude any peculiarities of personal belief; and that no more than the sun or the book of Esther has it the name of God written on it, although it has the essence and the image. There are writers who, like secret, impassioned lovers, speak most seldom of those objects which they most frequently think of and most fervently admire. And there are others, whose ascriptions of praise to God, whose encomiums on religion, and whose introduction of sacred names, sound like affidavits, or self-signed certificates of Christianity—they are so frequent, so forced, and so little in harmony with what we know of the men. It is upon this principle that we would defend Wordsworth from those who deny him the name of a sacred poet. True, all his poems are not hymns; but his life has been a long hymn, rising, like incense, from a mountain-altar to God. Surely, since Milton, no purer, severer, *living* melody has mounted on high. The ocean names not its Maker, nor needs to name him. Yet who can deny that the religion of "Ode to Sound," and of the "Excursion," is that of the "Paradise Lost," the "Task," and the "Night Thoughts!" And without classing Hood in this or in any respect with Wordsworth, we dare as little rank him with things common and unclean.

Hear himself on this point:—

"Thrice blessed is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature—
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom
The bounteous providence in every feature—
Recall the good Creator to his creature:
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!"

Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love."

And amid all the mirthful details of the long warfare which he waged with Cant, (from his Progress of Cant, downwards,) we are not aware of any real deep done to that spirit of Christianity to which Cant, in fact, is the most formidable foe. To the mask of religion, his motto is, spare no arrows; but when the real, radiant, sorrowful, yet happy face appears, he too has a knee to kneel and a heart to worship.

But, best of all in Hood is that warm humanity which beats in all his writings. His is no ostentatious or systematic philanthropy; it is a mild, cheerful, irrepressible feeling, as innocent and tender as the embrace of a child. It cannot found soup kitchens; it can only slide in a few rhymes and sonnets to make its species a little happier. Hospitals it is unable to erect, or subscriptions to give, silver and gold it has none; but in the orisons of its genius it never fails to remember the cause of the poor; and if it cannot, any more than the kindred spirit of Burns, make for its country "some useful plan or book," it can "sing a sang at least." Hood's poetry is often a pleading for those who cannot plead for themselves, or who plead only like the beggar, who, reproached for his silence, showed his sores, and replied, "Isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?" This advocacy of his has not been thrown utterly away; it has been heard on earth, and it has been heard in heaven.

The genial kind-heartedness which distinguishes Thomas Hood did not stop with himself. He silently and insensibly drew around him a little cluster of kindred spirits, who without the name, have obtained the character and influence of a school, which may be called, indifferently, the Latter Cockney, or the Punch School. Who the parent of this school, properly speaking, was, whether Leigh Hunt or Hood, we will not stop to inquire. Perhaps, we may rather compare its members to a cluster of bees settling and singing together, without thought of precedence or feeling of inferiority, upon one flower. Leigh Hunt and Hood, indeed, have far higher qualities of imagination than the others, but they possess some properties in common with them. All this school have warm sympathies, both with man as an individual, and with the ongoings of society at large. All have a quiet but burning sense of the evil, the cant, the injustice, the inconsistency, the oppression, and the falsehood, that are in the world. All are aware that fierce invective, furious recalcitration, and howling despair, can never heal nor mitigate these calamities. All are believers in their future and permanent mitigation; and are convinced that literature—prosecuted in a proper spirit, and combined with political and moral progress—will marvellously tend to this result. All have had, or have too much real or solid sorrow to make of it a matter of parade, or to find or seek in it a frequent source of inspiration. All, finally, would rather laugh than weep men out of their follies, and ministries out of their mistakes. And in an age which has seen the steam of a tea kettle applied to change the physical aspect of the earth—all have unbounded faith in the mightier miracles of moral and political revolution which the *mirth of an English fireside*, is yet to effect when properly condensed and pointed. We rather honour the motives than share in the anticipations of this witty and brilliant band, with which Dickens must unquestionably rank. Much good they have done and are doing; but the full case, we fear, is beyond them. It is in mechanism after all, not in magic, that they trust. We, on the other hand, think that our help lies in the double-divine *charm* which Genius and Religion, fully wedded together, are yet to wield; when, in a high sense, the words of the poet shall be accomplished—

"Love and song, song and love, intertwined evermore,
Weary earth to the suns of its youth shall restore."

Mirth like that of Punch and Hood can relieve many a fog upon individual minds, but is powerless to remove the great clouds which hang over the general history of humanity, and around even political abuses it often plays harmless as the summer evening's lightning, or, at most, only loosens without smiting them down. Voltaire's smile showed the Bastille in a ludicrous light, as it fantastically fell upon it; but Rousseau's earnestness struck its pinnacle, and Mirabeau's eloquence overturned it from its base. There is a call, in our case, for a holier earnestness, and for a purer, nobler oratory. From the variety of styles which Hood has attempted in his poems, we select the two in which we think him most successful—the homely tragic narrative, and the grave pathetic lyric. We find a specimen of the former in his Eugene Aram's dream. This may be called a tale of the Confessional; but how much new interest does it acquire from the circumstances, the scene, and the person to whom the confession is made. Eugene Aram tells his story under the similitude of a dream, in the interval of the school toil, in a shady nook of the play-ground, and to a little boy. What a ghastly contrast do all these peaceful images present to the tale he tells, in its mixture of homely horror and shadowy dread! What an ear this in which to inject the fell revelation! In what a plain, yet powerful setting, is the awful picture thus inserted! And how perfect, at once the keeping and the contrast between youthful innocence and guilt, grey-haired between the eager, unsuspecting curiosity of the listener, and the slow and difficult throes, by which the narrator relieves himself of his burden of years!—between the sympathetic, half-pleasant, half-painful shudder of the boy, and the strong convulsion of the man! The Glaour, emptying his polluted soul in the gloom of the convent aisle, and to the father trembling instead of his penitent, as the broken and frightful tale gasps on, is not equal in interest nor awe to Eugene Aram recounting his dream to the child; till you as well as he wish, and are tempted to shriek out, that he may awake, and find it indeed a dream. Eugene Aram is not like Bulwer's hero—a sublime demon in love; he is a mere man in misery, and the poet seeks you to think—and you can think, of nothing about him, no more than himself can, except the one fatal stain, which has made him what he is, and which he long has identified with himself. Hood, with the instinct and art of a great painter, seizes on that moment in Aram's history, which formed the hinge of its interest—not the moment of the murder, nor the long, silent, devouring remorse that followed, nor the hour of the defence, nor of the execution—but that when the dark secret leapt into light and punishment: this thrilling, curdling instant, predicted from the past, and pregnant with the future, is here seized, and startlingly shown. All that went before was merely horrible, all that followed is horrible and vulgar: the poetic moment in the story is intensely one. And how inferior the laboured power and pathos of the last volume of Bulwer's novel to these lines!

"That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist:
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrist."

And here, how much of the horror is breathed upon us from the calm bed of the sleeping boy!

The two best of his grave, pathetic lyrics are the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs." The first was certainly Hood's great hit, although we were as much ashamed as rejoiced at its success. We blushed when we thought that at that stage of his life he needed such an introduction to the public, and that thousands and tens of thousands were now, for the first time, induced to ask "Who's Thomas Hood?" The majority of even the readers of the age had never heard of his name till they saw it in *Punch*, and connected with a song—first-rate, certainly—but not better than many of his former

poems ! It cast, to us, a strange light upon the chance medleys of fame ; and, on the lines of Shakespeare,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Alas ! in Hood's instance, to fortune it did not lead, and the fame was brief lightning before darkness.

And what is the song which made Hood awake one morning and find himself famous ? Its great merit is its truth. Hood sits down beside the poor seamstress as beside a sister, counts her tears, her stitches, her bones—too transparent by far through the sallow skin—sees that though degraded she is a woman still ; and rising up, swears, by Him that liveth for ever and ever that he will make her wrongs and wretchedness known to the limits of the country and of the race. And hark ! how to that cracked, tuneless voice, trembling under its burden of sorrow, now shrunk down into the whispers of weakness, and now shuddering up into the laughter of despair, all Britain listens for a moment—and for no longer—listens, meets, talks, and does little or nothing. It was much that one shrill shriek should rise and reverberate above that world of wild confused wailings, which are the true "cries of London ;" but, alas ! that it has gone down again into the abyss, and that we are now employed in criticising its artistic quality instead of recording its moral effect. Not altogether in vain, indeed has it sounded, if it have comforted one lonely heart, if it have bedewed with tears one arid eye, and saved even one sufferer a pang of a kind which Shakespeare only saw in part, when he spoke of the "proud man's contumely"—the contumely of a proud, imperious, fashionable, hard-hearted woman—"one that was a woman, but, rest her soul, she's dead."

Not the least striking nor impressive thing in this "Song of the Shirt" is its half jesting tone, and light, easy gallop. What sound in the street so lamentable as the laughter of a lost female ! It is like a dimple on the red wives of hell. It is more melancholly than even the death-cough shrieking up through her shattered frame, for it speaks of rest, death, the grave, forgetfulness, perhaps forgiveness. So Hood into the centre of this true tragedy has, with a skilful and sparing hand, dropt a pun or two, a conceit or two ; and these quibbles are precisely what make you quake. "Every tear hinders needle and thread," reminds us distinctly of these words, occurring in the very centre of the Lear agony, "Nuncle, it is a naughty night to swim in." Hood, as well as Shakespeare, knew that to deepen the deepest woe of humanity it is the best way to show it in the lurid light of mirth ; that there is a sorrow too deep for tears, too deep for sighs, but none too deep for smiles ; and that the *aside* and the laughter of an idiot might accompany and serve to aggravate the anguish of a god. And what tragedy in that swallow's back which "twits with the spring, this captive without crime, this suicide without intention, this martyr without the prospect of a fiery chariot !

The "Bridge of Sighs" breathes a deeper breath of the same spirit. The Poet is arrested by a crowd in the street ; he pauses, and finds that it is a female suicide whom they have plucked dead from the waters. His heart holds its own coroner's inquest upon her, and the poem is the verdict. Such verdicts are not common in the courts of clay. It sounds like a voice from a loftier climate, like the cry which closes the Faust—"She is pardoned." He knows not—what the jury will know in an hour—the cause of her crime. He wishes not to know it. He cannot determine what proportions of guilt, misery, and madness have mingled with her "mutiny." He knows only she was miserable, and she is dead—dead, and therefore away to a higher tribunal. He knows only that whatever her guilt, she never ceased to be a woman, to be a sister, and that death for him hushing "all questions, hiding all faults, has left on her only the beautiful." What can he do ! He forgives her in the name of humanity ; every heart says amen, and his verdict, thus repeated and confirmed may go down to eternity.

Here, too, as in the "Song of the Shirt," the effect is trebled by the outward levity of the strain. Light and gay, the masquerade his grieved heart puts on, but its every flower, feather, and fringe shakes in the internal anguish as in a tempest. This one stanza (coldly praised by a recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose heart and intellect seem to be dead, but to us how unspeakably dear !) might perpetuate the name of Hood :

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black flowing river ;
Mad from life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !"

After all this, we have not the heart, as Lord Jeffrey would say, to turn to his "Whims and oddities," &c. at large. "Here lies one who spat more blood and made more puns than any man living," was his self proposed epitaph. Whether punning was natural to him or not, we cannot tell. We fear that with him, as with most people, it was a bad habit, cherished into a necessity and a disease. Nothing could be more easily acquired than the power of punning, if, as Dr. Johnson was wont too, say one's mind were but to abandon itself to it. What poor creatures you meet continually, from whom puns come as easily as perspiration. If this was a disease in Hood, he turned it into a "commodity." His innumerable puns, like the myriads of Lilliput, supplying the wants of the Man Mountain, fed, clothed, and paid his rent. This was more than *Aram Dreams* or *Shirt Songs* could have done, had he written them in scores. Some, we know, will, on the other hand, contend that his facility in punning was the outer form of his inner faculty of minute analogical perception—that it was the same power at play—that the eye which, when earnestly and piercingly directed, can perceive delicate resemblances in things has only to be opened to see like words dancing into each other's embrace : and that this, and not the perverted taste of the age, accounts for Shakespeare's puns ; punning being but the game of football, by which he brought a great day's labour to a close. Be this as it may, Hood punned to live, and made many suspect that he lived to pun. This however, was a mistake. For, apart from his serious pretensions as a poet, his puns swam in a sea of humour, farce, drollery, fun of every kind. Parody, caricature, quiz, innocent *double entendre*, mad exaggeration, laughter holding both his sides, sense turned awry, and downright, stinging, slaving non-sense, were all to be found in his writings. Indeed, every species of wit and humour abounded, with, perhaps, two exceptions ;—the quiet, deep, ironical smile of Addison, and the misanthropic grin of Swift (forming a stronger antithesis to a laugh than the blackest of frowns) were not in Hood. Each was peculiar to the single man whose face bore it, and shall probably re-appear no more. For Addison's matchless smile we may look and long in vain ; and forbid that such a horrible distortion of the human face divine as Swift's grin (disowned

for ever by the fine, chubby, kindly family of mirth !) should be witnessed again on earth !

"Alas ! poor Yorick. Where now thy quips ?—thy quiddities !—thy flashes that wont to set the table in a roar ! Quite chapfallen !" The death of a man of mirth has to us a drearier significance than that of a more sombre spirit. He passes into the other world as into a region where his heart had been translated long before. To death, as to a nobler birth, had he looked forward ; and when it comes, his spirit readily and cheerfully yields to it as one great thought in the soul submits to be displaced and darkened by a greater. To him death had lost its terrors, at the same time that life had lost its charms. But "can a ghost laugh or shake his gaunt sides !"—is there wit any more than wisdom in the grave !—do puns there crackle !—or do comic annuals there mark the still procession of the years ? The death of a humourist, as the first serious epoch in his history, is a very sad event. In Hood's case, however, we have this consolation ; a mere humourist he was not, but a sincere lover of his race—a hearty friend to their freedom and welfare—a deep sympathiser with their sufferings and sorrows ; and if he did not to the full consecrate his high faculties to their service, surely his circumstances as much as himself were to blame. Writing, as we are, in the city where he spent some of his early days, and which never ceased to possess associations of interest to his mind, and owing, as we do to him, a debt of much pleasure, and of some feelings beyond it, we cannot but take leave of his writings with every sentiment of good-humour and gratitude.

SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO. THE MEXICAN HORSE-TAMER.

CHAPTER IV.—BENITO GOYA.

It was scarcely light when I got up the next morning, feeling no trace of the previous day's fatigue, and hastened to the room (*asistencia*) in which the *rosary* had been recited. Don Ramon, his daughter Maria Antonia, and the chaplain were already assembled there. I was then able to admire the young girl's beauty, which I had only guessed at the evening before. The rebozo which concealed her face during the prayer fell in negligent folds over her shoulders. Her dress consisted of an embroidered shift with short sleeves, which, notwithstanding the folds of the rebozo, only partially concealed the bosom and shoulders by its lace trimmings. A silk petticoat, fastened by a sash of scarlet China crape round her waist, which had never been imprisoned in stays, displayed the outline of her hips, and by its shortness, left to all its freedom, in an open worked stocking, a little foot with a high instep—one of those tiny, arched feet that appear made only to wear satin and tread on wool. Although Maria Antonia was properly speaking, only a peasant's daughter, the Andalusian blood had preserved its distinction in her ; and the donna most proud of the purity of her race would not have disdained her graceful features, nor the whiteness of her hands. When I entered she was playing with the golden tassels of a man's hat, which announced that we were going to ride.

Horses were awaiting us in the yard. Chocolate was served up, and we set off to meet the *recogida*. As we left the yard, Don Ramon, with the eye of a master whom nothing escapes, perceived in the toril the bull I had seen operated on the day before and asked why it was there.

"It is the bull of the majordomo," replied Martingale, whose office kept him behind us.

We turned round the wall of the enclosure, and reached a thick wood, which extended to some distance. The *recogida* was to come that way, and we halted on the outskirts of the wood. A canopy of thick vapor hung over the summits of the trees, the forest was wrapped in darkness and the profoundest silence. This silence was soon broken by shrill yells, still in the distance ; a hollow sound was heard, the earth shook, the noises came nearer and louder, the vaqueros rushed impetuously into the plain from every side of the wood. We had but just time to get on one side. A compact column came rushing behind them, with a thundering noise, roaring, neighing, and flying distractedly before twenty other horsemen, who brandished their lassos in the air. These horsemen fell desperately into the midst of this torrent, knocking down laggards, rushing upon the refractory, looking in the clouds of sand raised by this tempest of animals, like mad men. Our horses reared under us, excited by the tumult. The chaplain, throwing his hood over his shoulders, was the first to set us the example, and followed the stream. Maria Antonia, worthy to be the daughter of a Hacendero, and the future wife of one of these Centaurs, loosened the reins of her horse, and followed the chaplain, whilst the long tresses of her hair fell over her shoulders. She then appeared in all her savage love-iness. Don Ramon next yielded to his impatient horse, and I was forced to join the cavalcade. In a few minutes we reached the barriers of the toriles which closed in the imprisoned flock. For some minutes an inexpressible confusion, the most formidable tumult that can be imagined, took place. Fearful bounds shook the paling ; a crescendo of neighing and bellowing was re-echoed by the woods. At last the tumult lessened, powerless rage became calmer, and the herradero was commenced. Tripods, loaded with wood, had been lighted at the entrance of the toriles ; and irons placed on these fires soon became red hot, and the vaqueros, after having rested a moment, prepared to commence their troublesome and dangerous business.

I do not know if it was chance alone which had led Maria Antonia close to a vaquero, who, after distinguishing himself above the rest, was pausing to take breath ; this vaquero was none other than Benito. The ill humour which had altered his physiognomy the day before, was replaced by an expression of fearless nobleness, which struck me for the first time. The haughtiness of Spanish blood was in him allied to the savage energy of the Indians. An olive complexion, a rather scanty beard, the slightly waving hair which adorned his brow, a figure, upright and supple as a bamboo, revealed in him the mixture of two races. Benito soon perceived the young girl who trembled beneath his fiery glance. Antonia's face almost immediately was overspread by a deep crimson, but chastely covering her rebellious tresses and naked shoulders with their rebozo, she remained immovable. I took thenceforth a deeper interest in this silent and passionate dialogue between the hard and inflexible vaquero and the intrepid Amazon, who seemed to possess nothing of womanhood but its modesty and beauty.

Two sumachs, laden with clusters of flowers, spread their shade a few feet from the two enclosures ; a roughly-erected stand was placed beneath their foliage. Don Ramon asked to whom they were indebted for this improvised gallery.

"To Benito Goya," replied Juan, touching his hat.

Don Ramon frowned, as if he disapproved of this homage, offered not to him alone ; but he seated himself, nevertheless, on the stand by the side of his daughter and the chaplain ; I preferred liberty of movement, and declined the place offered me.

The vaqueros rode round the toriles. When their practised eyes detected a

horse, a bull, or a heifer, not marked by the iron of the hacienda, their lasso wung a second in the air, and never failed to hit the intended animal, even in that forest of horns and heads. The crowd opened before the animal as it was pulled out of the enclosure. A second vaquero then approached, carelessly threw down his lasso, suddenly pulled it up again, spurred his horse, and before it could oppose any resistance, the horse, or bull, violently dragged in two opposite directions, fell heavily on the sand for want of power to balance itself. In an instant the burning iron hissed against the flesh, a little smoke curled above the flanks of the animal, who, shaking with pain, freed itself from the bonds, and galloped into the wood or plain, bearing the mark of his owner. We were quickly enveloped in dense smoke, in the midst of which we indistinctly saw the wild animals struggling on the ground, and amidst them the bronzed faces of the vaqueros and the glimmer of the red-hot iron. From time to time every thing was thrown into disorder by an unbroken colt carrying away the vaquero, and struggling in vain against the pain of his burn and the strength of his rider.

I have already mentioned that the vaquero's danger commences at the moment of breaking the horse. This is the way in which it is done. When the colt has been thrown down and marked, he is either kept on the ground or allowed to stand, according to the resistance he makes, and a leathern bandage is thrown over his eyes. The animal, deprived of light, generally allows himself to be saddled and girthed pretty quietly. A horse-hair rope is tied above the nostrils, so as to form both a species of snaffle called *bozal*, and a bridle. The vaquero, having assured himself that the saddle will not slip round, puts on his long spurs, and, according to the position of the horse, allows him to spring up with him, or jumps suddenly into the saddle, and raises the leathern bandage. The horse hesitates a moment, but soon the sight of the savannahs over which he is used to roam at liberty, the odour of his native forests, the weight which oppresses him for the first time, wring from him a neigh of fury.

He hesitates no longer. He first endeavours to shake off the saddle, but the girth makes a deep furrow in his belly. He tries to bite his rider's legs, but the *bozal* which compresses his nostrils is roughly pulled in an opposite direction. He endeavours to rid himself of his rider by curvetting violently, and kicking out behind; he stands almost upright on his hind legs, in order to throw him off by a furious bound forward. Vain efforts! Hitherto immovable in his saddle, the vaquero has remained passive; he now, in his turn, attacks. The spurs, driven in as far as the groin, wring from the animal a hoarse cry of pain and astonishment. Mad with useless rage and offended pride, the furious horse throws himself back upon his haunches, takes a gigantic leap forwards, and stops suddenly; but the vaquero instinctively throws back his body, and maintains his bust in most perfect equilibrium. His spurs ring once more against the horse's sides, and the beast sets off without stopping, the rowels entering his sides, and the *cuarta* bruising his croup. After this run the horse's breath hisses through his nostrils, compressed by the snaffle, his flanks reek with steam and blood. When he has vainly endeavored, in the excess of his rage and terror, to dash himself and his rider against the trunk of a tree, he finds he is conquered, and obeys the impulse of the body, of the spur, or of the voice. In a word he is tamed. The vaquero takes breath, lights a cigar, and throws his damp saddle over the back of another horse.

I inquired of Don Ramon whether no accident occurred in these equestrian struggles.

"Yes, they occur from time to time," he replied almost with an air of satisfaction. "For example, there is the *Endemoniado*, which my rascals have taken good care not to bring to the *herrerado*."

The vaqueros all exclaimed at this, and one of them excused himself affirming that no one had seen the beast.

"What is this *Endemoniado*?" I asked Don Ramon. I remembered hearing Cayetano pronounce the word the previous night.

"It is a horse which has only been mounted twice; and my vaqueros do not dare to mount him a third time."

"Why so?"

"The first who mounted him was torn to pieces; the second had his skull crushed against that lopped tree, you see out yonder."

"Why did you not have so dangerous an animal killed?"

"Oh! as they are my vaqueros and my horses these affairs are all in the family; horses and vaqueros have a perfect right to kill one another without my having any fault to find."

A shout of approving laughter greeted the singular profession of impartiality, which these men, who valued their lives so cheaply, thought very facetious. But the gaiety did not last long. At the sight of a man dragging along a horse with great difficulty, a profound stupefaction succeeded on those rude faces the smile excited by the master's joke. The man was Cayetano, the horse the *Endemoniado*. An air of ferocious satisfaction rendered still more hideous the countenance of the ex-smuggler, who appeared like a sinister phantom amidst those whose labours he had recently come to share under a fictitious name. I instinctively stood aside, not to be perceived by Cayetano, without, however, losing sight of him. A slip-knot, which he had contrived to tighten round the extremity of the horse's upper-lip, by its painful pressure compelled the *Endemoniado* to obedience. This swollen lip testified the resistance of the horse, who perfectly deserved his name. It was a bay, with white spots on the joint next to the foot,—an infallible sign of a vicious disposition. His eye, half hidden by a tuft of hair which fell over his face, shone with sullen brightness. His ears were pointed forwards, his long mane hung in disorder, and his hard, sharp hoofs produced a metallic sound on the stones every time he sprang towards Cayetano, who drove him back by a heavy blow of his leathern whip. In a word the aspect of the horse was still more fearful than that of his terrible guide.

"Your vaqueros will thank me for bringing them this noble animal, will they not?" said Cayetano, addressing himself to Don Ramon, whilst a hideous smile distorted his face, "especially as it is not without trouble, for I have been pursuing him these two days."

"I was astonished at not seeing you here," said Don Ramon. "Come, my boys, which of you is going to mount the *Endemoniado*? For the honour of the hacienda, this horse must not go and boast to his comrades that he has frightened you all."

No one replied to this challenge, for no one dared to attempt what was impossible. Whilst the hacendero looked round him with displeasure, Cayetano seemed to be looking for some one he could not find. Suddenly at the sight of Benito, who had returned almost unconsciously to the stand, and was intoxicating himself with silent contemplation of Antonia,—

"Senor don Ramon," he exclaimed, "here is one who will not refuse to mount the *Endemoniado* in the presence of this company." And he gave a fierce glance at the young man, who instantly returned it.

"If you think," said Benito, advancing towards Don Ramon, "that I ought

to allow myself to be killed for the honour of the hacienda, I am ready Senor don Ramon, to do whatever you command."

Like the dying gladiator saluting Cæsar, Benito bent gracefully before the hacendero. The latter on meeting the supplicating look of his daughter, hesitated.

"I have no right," he exclaimed, "to order you to let yourself be killed for me; but if you like to venture, I give you full and entire permission."

"I will mount the *Endemoniado*," replied Benito.

"If you should feel afraid however," said Cayetano, with a scornful sneer, "I will mount him for you."

"Every one in his turn," replied Benito. "It was settled yesterday that you should strike the first blow with the *garrocha** at the bull Don Ramon is going to lend us."

"And the last stroke with the sword, if you desire," answered Cayetano, with a loud laugh.

"Not so if you please," exclaimed the master; "I lend you a bull to amuse yourselves with, not to kill."

Preparations now began for saddling the *Endemoniado*—no easy task—for in order to saddle him it was necessary to keep him on his legs; and, as if he had guessed the project of the vaqueros, he began to kick out furiously. A lasso was passed under the fetlock of the left hind-leg, and fastened tightly to the breast leather of the horse, so as to press the thigh against the belly. The right front leg was bent by the same means, and thus kept in equilibrium, the horse was condemned to immobility. Benito seized his heavy saddle by the pommel, and threw it over the back of the horse, who shook and trembled when his loins felt this burden, and the large wooden stirrups rebounded against his sides. The girth was violently tightened under the belly, and the vaquero seated himself on the sand to fasten his spurs on his feet. At this moment I glanced towards the stand. Maria Antonia was motionless; but her large black eyes, immoderately opened, sparkled in her now pale face, and the agitation of her bosom betrayed her agony. Don Ramon himself seemed frightened, and once I hoped he was about to recall the permission which exposed the intrepid young man to almost certain death; but he said nothing. When Benito had fastened his spurs, the hands which kept the horse's legs were loosened, and the leathern bandage tied over his eyes. Yet though held by the rope which twisted his lip, the furious leaps of *Endemoniado* prevented his being mounted. He was forced down on his knees, and two vaqueros, each biting one of his ears, kept him thus a second. Benito sprang on the horse's back.

"Let him go," he exclaimed, in a firm voice.

The two vaqueros jumped immediately back, whilst the *Endemoniado* started up as if moved by some secret mechanism. Owing to the leathern bandage that blinded him, he at first stood on his legs trembling, with upturned nostrils. Benito availed himself of this short respite to seat himself firmly in the saddle, leant forwards, and raised the bandage that covered the *Endemoniado*'s eyes. Then commenced a truly admirable struggle between the man and the beast.

Frightened at the sudden light which dazzled his bloodshot eyes, shaking his tangled mane, which stood erect with rage, the fiery animal neighed terribly, and bounded towards the four points of the compass, as if to scent the wind. Benito, without seeming shaken by these impetuous bounds, still kept on the defensive, roughly kicking away the beast's mouth, as it tried to bite his legs. The foiled *Endemoniado*, reared suddenly on his haunches. In vain the spurs, running into his groins, made him roar; instead of falling on his legs, he threw himself violently on his back. The spectators all screamed; but the pommel of the saddle alone had knocked against the earth with a lugubrious sound. Benito, foreseeing the shock, had sprung rapidly to the ground. In the midst of a cloud of dust, the astonished spectators soon beheld the horse tamer leap into the saddle by the off side, against all equestrian rules, at the moment when the bewildered horse got up neighing.

The vaquero, in his turn, appeared mad with fury. For the first time in his life he had been unhorsed. Impatient to revenge the insult, his legs never ceased pressing the horse's sides but to trace bloody furrows with the spurs under his belly; his hands only left hold of the horse hair snaffle to shower down blows with a leathern whip on the *Endemoniado*'s bruised skin. But, as yet, neither had the advantage; and after a few minutes of furious struggle, the two antagonists stood still for a moment.

Applause resounded on all sides; and certainly, to merit the admiration of those centaurs, it was necessary to have accomplished more than it is usually given man to accomplish. Either the vaquero was one of those whom danger or applause intoxicate, or, he thought himself able to do still more, for he profited by this truce, to draw a sharp knife out of the garter of his boot.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Don Ramon, less impassive spectator of a struggle in which apparently the life of a horse was in question, "is the rascal going to cut the *Endemoniado*'s throat?"

Indignation flashed from Maria Antonia's black eyes, at the supposition, that the man whom she had distinguished could be a coward, and a superb smile of pride lighted up her features at the sight of Benito, who in a fit of wild temerity, intoxicated, no doubt by the presence of his beloved, had cut the horse's snaffle, and thus placed himself without bridle at the mercy of an untameable animal.

Freed from the *bozal* which compressed his nostrils, *Endemoniado* noisily breathed the air of the forests, shook the waves of his golden mane, and set off in the direction of the lopped tree. Such was the impetuosity of his career, that it seemed impossible to prevent his dashing against the obstacle in his way. Nothing, therefore, could preserve the rider from the fate awaiting him. The *Endemoniado* was only a few yards off the fatal trunk, when by a sudden and unexpected movement, Benito pulled off his broad brimmed hat, and at the moment when a final bound was about to end the struggle, the hat interposed between the horse and the tree, made the latter spring, with terror, in another direction.

We then witnessed the singular spectacle of a rider without a bridle, guiding his unmanageable horse, which sprang from side to side as the bugbear passed from one eye to another. The *Endemoniado*, shuddering with rage, passed thus beneath the stand, where Maria Antonia rewarded Benito's fortunate temerity with a glance. The pride of triumph which brought out the energetic and masculine beauty of the horseman, and lighted up his brow, over which the wind waved his floating hair, wonderfully justified the young girl's choice. Giving a fresh impulse to the horse, which was panting and disconcerted by this unexpected resistance, Benito allowed him to take the direction of the forest. We beheld him for a few seconds, shaken like a reed by the prodigious bounds of the animal, but we soon lost sight of him. A few horsemen followed him;

* A spear, armed with a very short head, surrounded at its beginning with a pad, which prevents its wounding the bull mortally.

but his course was so rapid that they soon returned, giving up the pursuit as useless.

I shall not mention all the commentaries which accompanied Benito's disappearance. Some regarded him as lost notwithstanding his first triumph, for one of the Endemoniado's victims had likewise escaped the fatal tree; and his body had been found a great way from the hacienda, covered with wounds, and trodden under foot. Others hoped more from the young vaquero's dexterity. The arrival of Martingale holding a bundle of spears in his hand, soon put an end to these conjectures, by reminding the assembly that the majordomo (Cayetano) was to commence the bull fight.

The toriles were deserted, except by one bull; it was the one I had seen mastered the day before. Cayetano, his face still agitated by rage and jealousy, took one of the garrochas and entered the arena alone. The bull was freed from the cords which bound him to the stakes, and rushed to meet the amateur *torador* without requiring any stimulus. Cayetano like a consummate cavalier, made a few passes to avoid his first blows, and awaited a favorable opportunity of wounding the beast. This soon presented itself. As the bull stooped his head to collect his strength, and make another rush at his enemy, the garrocha entered the shoulder joint, and Cayetano's powerful arm kept him at bay. He glanced around him triumphantly, but the garrocha broke off in his hand, and he was unable in the first surprise of the moment to avoid the shock of the bull. Cayetano hastily rubbed his hand against his thigh, and a few drops of blood colored his white linen *calzoneras*. An oath caused by humiliation rather than pain, escaped his lips; he asked for a fresh garrocha, and regained the furthest extremity of the arena.

A few minutes elapsed before he could be obeyed; at last he again placed himself in front of the bull. His demeanor, however, betrayed singular hesitation. I knew Cayetano's bravery, too well to attribute his emotion to fear: I had seen him cool and calm in the most critical circumstances. This hesitation was soon succeeded by a look of languor still more inexplicable, for his blood did not flow.

At last, as he for the second time raised his garrocha to the height of the bull's breast, his frightened horse reared, backed, and without seeking to stop him, Cayetano, to the general surprise, allowed himself to be carried out of the arena. Screams, hisses, and shouts, greeted the flight of the torador, who, insensible to these insults, disappeared, staggering like a drunken man, with a face of deathlike paleness.

"The chaplain, the chaplain!" exclaimed a few voices in a tone of irony; "there is a Christian in peril of death." And the hisses again followed the majordomo, who was the object of general hatred.

But the chaplain who had taken intense interest in the spectacle, did not appear anxious to vacate his place on the stand. He hesitated whether he should take this appeal to his functions in earnest; but on a sign from Don Ramon, he mounted his horse and followed the fugitive.

Availing himself of the tumult and the opening left him, the bull had escaped in the direction of the forest without any body's thinking of preventing it. This conclusion was not very satisfactory to the vaqueros, who had hoped for a longer amusement by the bull fight. Unable to enjoy that, they performed a thousand equestrian feats, which would have interested me highly, had not the hero of the day always been present to my thoughts.

At this moment Benito was perhaps expiating a transient triumph by a cruel death. Far deeper agony was stamped on the countenance of the hacendero's daughter. In vain her father advised her to quit the stand, as all was over: her looks were fixed on the horizon, while her hand convulsively clutched the sumach blossoms. The sun was rising slowly and began to scorch the ground without the smallest indication of Benito's return, yet more than an hour had elapsed.

At last a deep sigh burst from the young girl's lips, and the color again rushed into them; unutterable joy shone on her countenance, for a slight cloud of dust appeared on the horizon, and her heart told her this dust was him whom she was expecting. It was indeed the horse-tamer arriving as swiftly as a cloud impelled by the wind. The vaqueros ceased their games, and had just time to form a double file to welcome their victorious comrade.

A glance sufficed to tell us that the untamable Endemoniado was at last mastered. His panting sides, glazed eyes, and body covered with dust and sweat, proved that the fearful animal was subjugated by the terror with which his master had impressed him. The latter, his face heated, and torn with long scratches, his hair tangled, and his clothes in tatters, shewed all the signs of a dearly-bought victory. As the last bounds of the Endemoniado brought him under the stand, Benito suddenly leant back and gave a short cry; the horse stopped at once; the voice of his conqueror was sufficient to lead him. An universal hurrah burst from the vaqueros. With a chivalric grace, which the most perfect gentleman need not have disowned, Benito bent in his saddle as if to lay the homage of his victory at Maria Antonia's feet. Fresh acclamations burst forth, and as a mixture of confusion, pride and joy, crimsoned the young girl's lovely face, a cluster of sumach blossoms fell into Benito's hands. The young man was unable to conceal his emotion; he turned pale, stuttered, and as if overpowered by the contact of a flower thrown by a woman's hand the hardy cavalier appeared for the first time unsteady in his saddle. I approached to compliment him. At that instant my life was of inestimable value in his eyes; was I not witness of his sweetest his most glorious triumph? Therefore, in the excess of joy, probably also to conceal his emotion, he pressed me in his muscular arms. Benito Goya had forgiven me.

A few hours afterwards, as I was returning alone to the hacienda, I fell in with one of the lesser heroes of the day, Juan, the happy possessor of the dolman he had won back the preceding day. Notwithstanding this success, he seemed plunged in the deepest melancholy. As I hesitated to question him, he spoke first.

"Confess, senor," said he, "that Benito Goya is a fortunate mortal, for if I am not mistaken, we shall have in him, before long, a new master in the hacienda."

"It will be justice," said I to Martingale; "for he is as handsome as he is brave. But is your sadness caused by this reflection?"

"Oh, no! it is that unfortunate majordomo!"

"Cayetano?"

"Alas, yes!" continued Juan, with an increase of melancholy grimaces; "he is dead!"

"But he was scarcely wounded!"

Juan put on a look of mystery.

"It appears," said he, "that the bull's horns had been rubbed with the juice of the *palo mulato*; * and the poor majordomo's death has been as horrible as

it was sudden. You remember the man who met you dying of thirst, and told Benito to bring you some water? Well, that was Feliciano, the brother of a former friend of Cayetano's. This friend, the possessor of a secret which the majordomo would have torn from him with life, had confided to his brother the fatal secret, and communicated the alarm which Cayetano's well known disposition caused him. This alarm was but too well founded. Feliciano's brother one day entered a boat with the majordomo, and was never seen again. Feliciano understood that his brother had been killed; and set out in pursuit of the assassin. Learning that Cayetano was amongst us, he repaired to the hacienda, which he reached in time to see him die. He then spoke to him of events long passed; and these revelations produced a fearful crisis in the dying man. He cursed and blasphemed God like a heathen, until horrible convulsions put an end to his sufferings. Certainly the majordomo died in a state of impenitence, since he would not confess. But who could have poisoned the bull's horns?"

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.

Mr. DISRAELI (*concluded*.)

Mr. Disraeli's speech on the third reading of the Corn-bill was the most powerful and sustained of all that he had yet delivered. There were fewer of those ludicrous, satirical touches, which had so often convulsed the House before; but the whole speech exhibited an energy and sustentation not to be surpassed by any living speaker. A vein of satire ran through the principal parts of the speech,—not such satire as had enlivened his earlier efforts of the same kind; but, taking a higher range, as an attack on Sir Robert Peel's political character, this speech was, perhaps, the most dangerous and damning that the right honourable baronet had ever encountered during his long career. It tore the mask from his plausibilities, and shewed him bereft of political consistency, of political honour, and even of personal talent commensurate with his lofty claims. In a strain of bitter irony, Mr. Disraeli proceeded to acquit Sir R. Peel of meditated deception in his adoption of free-trade principles, "seeing that he had all along, for thirty or forty years, traded on the ideas of others; that his life had been one great appropriation clause; and that he had ever been the burglar of other men's intellects." He also denounced him as the "political pedlar, who, adopting the principles of free trade, had bought his party in the cheapest market, and sold them in the dearest." The peroration to the speech was the most powerful effort of the sort Mr. Disraeli had yet made. It produced an effect upon the House, to which modern oratory is but seldom equal. Had a hurricane passed over them the excitement could not have been greater. The applause lasted several minutes after the speaker resumed his seat. This was a great advance for Mr. Disraeli. He certainly had made the House feel with him on this occasion. They no longer looked upon him as a man who was prostituting great talents to the gratification of private malice, but rather as an interpreter of their own feelings, and as the avenger of the public wrongs of a great portion of their number. As the final catastrophe of Sir Robert Peel's administration drew near, the speeches of Mr. Disraeli grew more and more bold, his license of attack was less and less restrained. It is difficult, now that the excitement has subsided, to understand how the House of Commons could have allowed such undisguised and acrimonious personalities to be indulged in, as those which, at times, disgraced the speeches of Lord George Bentinck, while they disfigured those of Mr. Disraeli. The whole scene between Sir Robert Peel and his accusers, on the subject of the charge that he had hunted Mr. Canning to death, was an offence against parliamentary decency; and Mr. Disraeli is chargeable with having wilfully prostituted his great talents, not merely to the gratification of his own personal revenge, but also to the more base object of gratifying the revenge of others. While paying our full tribute of admiration to the extraordinary talent of the speech made by Mr. Disraeli on the 15th of June, 1846, we must protest utterly against such charges as were there made against Sir Robert Peel, being made the precedent for future attacks by those who may not so well know as Mr. Disraeli how to hide the more gross passions which dictated them under the flowers of rhetoric. The charge made against Sir Robert Peel of having garbled the report of a speech which he corrected for *Hansard*, in order to remove a stain from his political character, recoiled at once upon its promoters. But of Mr. Disraeli's share (and it was the principal one) in the attack, it is due to him to say, that it exhibited oratorical powers of the highest order, that even those who were most prepared to admire him, had not expected so bold a grappling with so difficult a subject as that which formed the theme of his speech. The skill with which a veneration for the memory of Canning was made to cover a virulent animosity towards Sir Robert Peel, was without parallel in contemporary oratory, save perhaps, in some of the earlier speeches of Brougham. Nor was Mr. Disraeli less successful in investing this personal contest with something of a lofty dramatic interest, in the excitement of which the paltriness and unworthiness of the actual charge was lost sight of. Still, such is the respect entertained by the House of Commons for the personal honour and integrity of Sir Robert Peel, that not even the extraordinary talent of Mr. Disraeli could make his ungracious cause palatable to the House—nay, the virulence, the almost savage eagerness he shewed in his attack, went very far to lessen that growing favour which his public spirit and fearlessness had excited, and to throw him back to the position he formerly held, as the mere assailant, on purely personal ground, of Sir Robert Peel. There was one passage in his peroration, however, which, besides a fine allusion to Mr. Canning's genius, fell with emphatic force upon his audience. Pointing to the impending fate of Sir Robert Peel as a minister, he said, that that statesman must feel that it was a Nemesis which would dictate the note and regulate the decision they were about to give, and that it was a vote that would stamp with its seal the catastrophe of a sinister career. This was the last attack he made on his now fallen enemy. It is to Mr. Disraeli's honour that, either from a noble abstinence or a well-calculated tact, he ceased to assail him from the moment that he was driven from office. He spoke several times after the accession of the Whigs to power, but he never uttered another offensive word towards Sir Robert Peel. It seemed as if he had devoted himself to the accomplishment of one great task, and, having succeeded triumphantly, he forbore to weaken the effect.

When the reader compares the extracts we have made, or even the whole of Mr. Disraeli's speeches, with our estimate of his parliamentary success, his natural impression will be that the honourable gentleman's powers have been very much overrated. It will be supposed to be impossible that with so few assaults, and those partaking more of the character of exquisite skill than of great power, he should have been able so seriously to damage the parliamentary reputation of Sir Robert Peel, while so effectually advancing his own; but the singular pointedness and force given by the accomplished manner of Mr. Disraeli to even the most subtle touches of his sarcastic faculty, go far, when seen or made known, to explain away this apparent contradiction. The whole

* A species of poisonous sumach. It is a large tree with a yellow bark, covered over by a reddish epidermis, which peels off continually. Its milky juice is corrosive, and forms a very violent poison.

bearing of Mr. Disraeli, and his distinctive features as a speaker, are so peculiar as to render the task of description very difficult, at least in order to convey to the mind of the reader any clear and tangible idea of the man. If he have already seen some of the admirable sketches made of Mr. Disraeli by H. B., it will much facilitate his comprehension.

There is decided character about the whole external of Mr. Disraeli, yet it is most difficult to determine in what it especially consists. The first impression conveyed to your mind, as, with clothes shaped, apparently with too much care for effect, and those long flakes of curling black hair that can hardly be distinguished from the ringlets of a woman, he walks hastily, with a self-absorbed air and a quick, short, shuffling gait, towards his seat,—is that of an effeminate, nay, almost an emaculate affectation. There seems to be a dandyism, not merely of the body but of the mind also. We usually associate the idea of pride with an erect crest, a lofty gaze, a hauteur of bearing. Strange to say, Mr. Disraeli's bearing produces the same impression from a totally opposite cause. He has an habitual stoop, and there is that in his bearing and carriage which might be mistaken for humility. He has also an air of self-absorption, which does not appear natural; rather it seems to arise from an affected indifference to the gaze or the observation of others. It is not the less pride, though not of the most noble order. You can see glimpses of an evidence that self-esteem is no stranger to his mind. In spite of the assumed stolidity, you may detect the self-constraint and the furtive regards of a very vain man, who is trying to appear as if he were not vain at all. Although his eyes are downcast they have not the downcast look of modesty, but rather of a sort of superciliousness, which is the most striking expression on the face. He seems to look down, because he considers it too much trouble to look up.

But a further study leads you to think that your first impressions have been erroneous. You see that the intellectual preponderates in Mr. Disraeli's organisation, and, by degrees, you begin to believe that he is as much absorbed as he seems to be. Like Sir Robert Peel, he appears to isolate himself—to have no associates in the House, except those forced on him by the immediate necessities of party. With Lord George Bentinck, indeed, or Lord John Manners, he occasionally exchanges a few words, but that is almost the whole extent of his familiarity. This isolation and self-absorption are equally conspicuous while he is in activity. Observe him any where about the House, in the lobbies, or in the committee-rooms; you never see him in confidential communication with any one. All inlets of information and impressions seem as if they were violently closed up by an effort of the will. Yet we know from Mr. Disraeli's speeches and writings, that he is keenly alive to the slightest and most impalpable changes going on around him—that, in fact, his intellect must be ever on the watch, although, to an observer, it seems to be in a state of self-imposed torpor. See him where you will, he glides past you noiselessly, without being apparently conscious of the existence of externals, and more like the shadow than the substance of a man. Involuntarily, he comports himself like one possessed by a monomania, and who has no natural relation with the realities of life. When he is speaking, he equally shrouds himself in his own intellectual atmosphere. You would think he paid no regard to the thought of whom he was addressing, but only to the ideas he was enunciating in words. Still with downcast eyes, still with what may almost be called a torpor of the physical powers, he seems more an intellectual abstraction than a living, breathing man of passions and sympathies. If some one of his friends interrupts him to offer a friendly suggestion, or to correct a misstatement of facts, the chances are that he will not notice him at all, or, if he does, that it will be with a gesture of impatience, or with something like a snarl, as, when a man is grinding a hand-organ, if his hand suddenly be stopped the pipes utter a slight, discordant moan. This singular self-absorption betrays itself even when he is in a sitting posture. You never see him gazing around him, or lolling back in his seat, or seeking to take his ease as other men do in the intervals of political excitement. He sits with his head rigid, his body contracted, his arms closely pinned to his side, as though he were an automaton. He looks like one of those stone figures of ancient Egypt that embody the idea of motionless quiescence for ever. The mental seems in him to subjugate, if not to supersede, the moral. The exercise of the thinking faculty appears alone sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his nature. He lives in a world of his own, and feeds that appetite for association which is natural to man, with the fruit of his own thoughts. He seeks dominion rather by the force of his talent than by the interchange of political or personal sympathies.

We have said that the intellectual predominates in his organisation; yet his countenance, while really it is highly intellectual, belies the ordinary rules of the physiognomists. It is scarcely an index to the mind. The soul does not look out from the eyes. The real character of the mind is not stamped on the countenance, but the natural temper seems violently restrained or constrained. Sometimes the traits are those of one self-condemned to a perpetual abstinence from passion, or even from the indulgence of that natural candour of the human character to which the physical organisation is the obedient slave, and which stamps the impress of the passions, or of the intellect or moral propensities, upon the features. Mr. Disraeli embodies in these respects the popular ideas of the Jesuit—of one who dares not be natural even to himself. Shylock entering on the great judgment scene, when triumphing in the consciousness of suppressed power, presents us with some prototype (not wishing to be personal), as far as external action is concerned, in his having the same stooping, crouching gait, with the same furtive glances of downcast eyes, the same flashes ever and anon, denoting some concealed, fixed purpose. Both the features and the expression of Mr. Disraeli are most puzzling. There is something in the aspect and whole bearing which speaks of intellectual power, yet the face is often abandoned to an expression, or rather a no-expression, that almost amounts to fatuity. The countenance seems to "hang," as it were: the forehead hangs (though the eye-brows are raised); the eyes hang, the mouth hangs, the chin hangs. The head hangs downwards on the chest, the shoulders hang, and the whole body stoops. There is no appearance of a sustaining spirit—of that intellectual or moral dignity which distinguishes man from the animals. The gait, looked at physically only, is a merely plodding movement; yet there is in it nothing loose or commonplace, but a vigour and precision of step gives it character, and makes it harmonise in singularity with the rest of the external attributes. It was probably originally an affectation that has grown into an unconquerable habit. Upon the whole, after the most attentive study of the impenetrable countenance, in repose, and an attempt to comprehend what may be called the physiognomy of the person, and those unconscious habits which so much betray the real character of ordinary men, the utmost you arrive at in determining the characteristics of the whole is a pervading air of self-possession and impassibility, implying the existence of powers of mind, not displayed, but latent. Most remarkable men carry, as it were, a sort of table of contents about them in their external aspect, but in Mr. Disraeli this is a blank leaf.

As an orator, Mr. Disraeli cannot be pronounced highly eloquent. In even his finest declamatory passages he fails to excite the feelings, although he often astonishes the mind, and stimulates the imagination. They more often stimulate thought than touch the sympathies. He never abandons himself to his theme, but always holds it in subjection to his purpose. Yet this abandonment, restrained by prudence and good taste, often achieves, in master hands, the most remarkable triumphs of oratory. Mr. Disraeli delivers his best periods as if they were a coned task. Generally, his delivery is not good or effective,—at least, as compared with that of Mr. Sheil or Lord Stanley. But although, critically, it is wanting in graces, yet we are far from saying that, taken in connexion with his peculiar idiosyncrasy, it has not character and force. In both voice and manner there is much monotony. He wants variety in action, gesture, expression, and elocution,—always excepting when he breathes his sarcastic vein. Perseverance is one of the leading traits of his oratory, as it has also distinguished his public career. Like Mr. Villiers, he hammers his sentences into the mind of his audience. His whole manner, as an orator, is peculiar to himself. It would scarcely be tolerated in another; he seems so careless, supercilious, indifferent to the trouble of pleasing. He can be compared, in these respects, with no other speaker in parliament. Mr. Pemberton, as an advocate at the bar, most resembled him in the physical attributes of his style, but in nothing else. His action, where he has any, is ungraceful; nay, what is worse, it is studiously careless—even offensively so. With his supercilious expression of countenance, slightly dashed with pomposity, and a diletanti affectation, he stands with his hands on his hips, or his thumbs in the arms-holes of his waistcoat, while there is a slight, very slight, gyratory movement of the upper part of his body, such as you will see ball room exquisites adopt when they condescend to prattle a flirtation. And then, with voice, low-toned and slightly drawling, without emphasis, except when he strings himself up for his "points," his words are not so much delivered as that they flow from the mouth, as if they were really too much trouble for so clever, so intellectual—in a word, so literary a man to speak at all. You think that he undervalues his subject, and looks down upon his audience; and although you, at least, perceive that all this is but a bad habit, still it is offensive in its effect.

So much for his ordinary level speaking. When he makes his "points," the case is totally different. Then his manner changes. He becomes more animated, though still less so than any other speaker of equal power over the House. You can then detect the nicest and most delicate inflections in the tones of his voice; and they are managed, with exquisite art, to give effect to the irony or sarcasm of the moment. Much, not only of the force, but also of the venom of his sarcasms, depends upon this fine management of his voice, and the almost imperceptible action with which it is accompanied, till a subtle harmony is found to exist between the two, such as one remembers to have seen in Young's performance of Iago. In the by-play of oratory, Mr. Disraeli is without a rival,—not forgetting, however, that, as yet, his range has been limited. But, in what he has done, neither Lord Stanley nor even Mr. Sheil has approached him, if we bear in mind the amount of effort relatively betrayed.

In conveying an innuendo, an ironical sneer, or a suggestion of contempt which courtesy forbids him to translate into words,—in conveying such masked enmities by means of a glance, a shrug, an altered tone of voice, or a transparent expression of face, he is unrivalled. Not only is the shaft envenomed, but it is aimed with deadly precision by a cool hand and a keen eye, with a courage fearless of retaliation. He will convulse the House by the action that helps his words, yet leave nothing for his victim to take hold of. He is a most dangerous antagonist in this respect, because so intangible. And all the while you are startled by his extreme coolness and impassibility. You might also think he was a mere machine, uttering sentiments of rule, so does he divorce the intellectual from the moral, and suppress even the natural physical sign of exultation at success. You might suppose him wholly unconscious of the effect he is producing; for he never seems to laugh or to chuckle, however slightly, at his own hits. While all around him are convulsed with merriment or excitement at some of his finely wrought sarcasms, he holds himself, seemingly, in total suspension, as though he had no existence for the ordinary feelings and passions of humanity; and the moment the shouts and confusion have subsided, the same calm, low, monotonous, but yet distinct and searching voice, is heard still pouring forth his ideas, while he is preparing to launch another sarcasm, hissing hot, into the soul of his victim. There is something feline in the stealthy steadiness with which he maintains the level theme of his speech till the moment when he is to pounce on his prey. He aims much at surprises, though striving to conceal that part of his art. It is a great pride with him to introduce his "hits" so suddenly, that neither his victim nor his audience has the least suspicion at what moment the bolt will fall. The scenes in the House during his attacks on Sir Robert Peel were intensely dramatic, especially at first, before his audience grew accustomed to expect great things from him. It was amusing to see the perfect complacency with which Sir Robert Peel would sit in his place as prime minister, so confident in his own strength as to think himself able to despise his assailant; nay, even to sit and listen for his own amusement—perhaps, to laugh at the extravagancies or the "high nonsense" of his bombastical antagonist. And it was equally striking to see the perfect self-reliance, the cool confidence, the audacious courage, with which Mr. Disraeli would advance to the assault on a reputation and influence consolidated by years of parliamentary triumph. Nor if the actors in this drama were thus conspicuous and marked in character, was it the less interesting to watch their audience also,—to observe the comparative indifference, not unmingled with a malicious curiosity, with which they regarded for a long time both the speaker and his subject, changed, as it suddenly and permanently became, into a sustained excitement and attention, as Mr. Disraeli's deliberate process of tormenting and, at last, of torturing his antagonist, became developed from month to month, and from session to session. The command he by degrees acquired over what we fear must be called their baser passions, was wonderful. For him to rise late, in a stormy debate, cool, even to iciness, amidst the fever heat of party atmosphere around, was suddenly to arrest all passions, all excitement, all murmurs of conversation, and convert them into one absorbing feeling of curiosity and expectation. They knew not on whom to fix their watch,—whether on the speaker, that they might not lose the slightest gesture of his by-play or whether they should concentrate their attention on his distinguished victim, whom he had taught them almost to regard with levity, because he had not failed to exit over the testiness and irritability which such malevolent assaults had compelled him to betray. The power of the orator was more confessed, perhaps, in the nervous twitchings of Sir Robert Peel, and his utter powerlessness to look indifferent, or to conceal his palpable annoyance at the attacks made on him with such undisguised spitefulness, yet with such withering force, than even in the delirious laughter with which the House accepted and sealed the truths of the attacks—followed, in justice, let us add, by a sort of

compunction that they should thus have joined in ridiculing their former idol. This positive ascendancy of Mr. Disraeli was confined to the time when his attacks on Sir Robert Peel were responded to by the mingled appreciation and party-feelings of the House; but, while it lasted, it was such as no living orator has ever attained, except Lord Brougham in his Tribonian days, or Lord Stanley when in the House of Commons. Let it not be supposed either that Mr. Disraeli has retained it, or that it is within the limits of probability that he could retain it. His craft was shown in so clearly detecting the favourable occasion, and the vulnerable points of his victim, quite as much as was his skill in his triumphant execution of his plan of operations. Those speeches of Mr. Disraeli which have not been especially devoted to these special objects deserve praise for their intrinsic merits. The quality is often of a high order. Some of them, for argument, for their general conception, and for their diction, will rank with the finest efforts of contemporary orators. The range, both of his subjects and his mode of treating them, is higher than that of most speakers. His views of contemporary politics are lofty, and his historical strokes elevated above the narrowness of comprehension and passion for details, which characterise the present time. He has a singular command of language, in the strictest sense of the term. All his speeches betray evidences of the exercise of the imaginative faculty, and they are often tinged with the colouring of foreign and Oriental habits of thought. He resembles Mr. Macaulay in his disposition to infuse historical illustrations and enlarged views of politics into the debate of the hour, while he resembles Mr. Sheil and Lord Stanley in his ironical and sarcastic powers; though neither of these orators, accomplished as they are, has attained to his combined power of language and action. Although the declamatory passages in his speeches are still sometimes inflated, yet they exhibit such a marked improvement on his early efforts, that the most sanguine hopes may be entertained that he will at last arrive at a perfect taste in this respect. He can be argumentative, or business-like, when necessary, with as much ease, though, of course, with not so brilliant an effect, as he can be sarcastic. On subjects of an abstract order, where, for instance, the theme is literature, or science, or philosophy, he rises to the height that is due, and attains a loftiness of thought and purity of style, while his eloquence becomes more graceful in proportion to the care with which he has been able to study his oratory as an art. One or two speeches on the subject of copyright, and, more especially, his brilliant oration at the *soirée* of the Manchester Athenæum, two or three years ago, may be pointed to as deserving high praise.

As a politician, Mr. Disraeli has been gradually developing during the last four or five years, each year making more progress and taking a higher tone than before. At first, in his parliamentary displays, he exhibited much exaggeration of thought and language, while his manner was affectedly pompous. He shot high and almost always missed his aim. There was an absurd grandiloquence very unbecoming in so young a speaker. But a sudden change came over him. He had before mistaken his red and blue fire for real splendour: a purer taste now superseded these delusions of a diseased imagination. He put himself in training, and soon his strong natural talent and decided originality, with this aid, triumphed over the wayward and capricious habits he had formerly allowed his mind to indulge in. He rapidly retraced his false steps, and founded his new reputation. His sarcastic attacks on Sir Robert Peel were the first efforts of his improved powers that seriously attracted the attention of the House. Until then a strong prejudice had prevailed against him, which he overcame by sheer force of genius. Session after session, month after month, he went on consolidating his new-found strength and reputation, while, as time advanced, and circumstances favoured, he took a higher ground, and entered on a wider field than those which personalities, however clever or successful, can ever afford. His speeches grew more statesmanlike; and although the principles on which he framed his theory of a political system were not popular, they were at least intelligible. Moreover, he was the first to expose that ascendancy of political materialism which has been so fatal to the character of our public men, by lowering the tone of statesmen, and debasing their policy. He had long sustained an eloquent and indignant protest against that reign of redtapeism—that fruitless incubation of complacent mediocrity, which has, for many years, repressed political genius. He would not worship false gods, but strove to win men back to the true faith. He certainly imparted vigour and coherence to the significant, but uncombined speculations and desires of that band of original thinkers who were so much ridiculed as the Young England party; and whether those who were, until recently, the Protectionists, place confidence in him or not, they never can divest themselves of the obligation they owe him for his brilliant services in the late campaign. He has cried *pecuni* for many of his early sins. With much dignity and modest candour he took occasion to apologise in the House of Commons for the violence of some of the personalities he directed against the Whigs at the outset of his career; and he also, with a noble forgetfulness of personal insults, and an admission of his own excesses in the same direction, made amends to O'Connell for his former abuse, by deliberately speaking of him in debate as "that great man." In fact, in proportion as he has progressed in the art of self-government, and steadied himself from the violent oscillations of his earlier life, he has shown an earnest and honourable desire to bury the past in oblivion; like some new state, the child of revolution, wishing to be received into the family of nations.

Mr. Disraeli has a brilliant future before him. Upon himself alone will now depend whether his present position shall be hereafter regarded as a mere transient triumph of ill directed talent, favoured by fortunate circumstances, or whether it shall be the key to a more solid and lasting fame, founded upon permanent services to his fellow-men. As an orator, he has accomplished so much that a determined application of his singular powers may lead him near—very near, to actual perfection. As a politician, he has really been in thought, though not always in action, much more consistent than superficial observers will believe. If his peculiar theories are not capable of practical application, they have, nevertheless, a specific value in their tendency to reanimate dead forms of thought, to re-inspire the mind of England with some of that magnanimity and public spirit which characterised it of old. At the same time he will, no doubt, see the wisdom of more and more taking cognisance of the real wants of the age, of mastering the practical difficulties which bewilder and overpower unphilosophical minds, without lowering himself (as we are convinced, he never will) to the level of those who are like men blindly groping in a darkness which their own intellects cannot enlighten, and clutching, in well-intentioned despair, at the most hard realities for present safety. If his advance in sound political knowledge and practical capabilities, during the next few years, shall at all keep pace with his improvement during the last few years as an orator and general politician, he may look forward to office, if that be his ambition, as a right. But let him beware lest his youthful vanity again grow strong in the lustre of his later success; and, above all, let him remember that his powers of sarcasm, though they may have helped him to rise, by supplying the first great

want of a public man—notoriety, can never be permanently agreeable to that sense of justice which is the noblest characteristic of the British people.

MR. MACKINNON.

Mr. Mackinnon commands almost universal respect in the House of Commons, not merely on account of his abilities, which are those of a well-educated and accomplished gentleman, but also for his moderation and consistency as a politician, and the palpable integrity and honesty of intention. He is still more, however, held in esteem because his highly philanthropic spirit leads him to undergo a considerable amount of self-imposed labour and trouble, in the hope that he may be of service to his fellow countrymen. He is one of the most conscientious men in the House of Commons, in the discharge of those duties which he believes to form more especially the mission of a legislator and representative of the people; and in proportion as he devotes himself to the accomplishment of reforms in those minor branches of legislation which are so often culpably neglected by most conspicuous men, he seeks to avoid the more stormy and exciting scenes of political contest.

Still, Mr. Mackinnon has not been an idle spectator of the events that have been passing around him. He has not been contented with giving a mere silent vote. On many of the great questions that have agitated parties during the last sixteen or seventeen years, he has from time to time addressed the House of Commons, and never without leaving the impression that he possesses an accomplished mind and a philosophic spirit. When he first entered parliament he took a more active part in politics than he does now: and on one occasion, especially, he exhibited great firmness against a powerful ministry, and triumphed over them. We allude to a debate that took place on a part of the Reform-bill, when Mr. Mackinnon resisted the ministerial proposal to make the census of 1821 the foundation of the representation under the electoral law.

It was remarkable—and the fact is even now sometimes alluded to by those who desire to compliment Mr. Mackinnon—that not only did he beat the ministry, but that he also beat them by the largest majority that voted against them throughout the whole discussion. But Mr. Mackinnon's labors as a legislator have been of late years, if not so attractive, at least of a more useful kind. He is one of those valuable members of parliament too numerous to be named, but of whom Lord Sandon may be mentioned as a conspicuous example; who, disdaining the seductions of party feeling, and the temptations of political distinction, devote themselves to the laborious but unremunerating duty of watching and guiding that under current of legislation upon which depends so much of the happiness of all classes, more especially of the poor. There is scarcely a proposed measure by which the health and physical well being of the industrious millions may be promoted, that has not found in Mr. Mackinnon a zealous and earnest advocate. Many of these measures he has himself originated, while of others he has been the consistent patron and promoter in parliament. Those who are not acquainted with the mode of proceeding usually adopted in our legislature, can have little idea how much hard labor, patience and perpetual disappointment he has to undergo, who strives to force on the attention of the House of Commons any subject that has not the exciting interest of political feeling to recommend it. Such questions are treated with a degree of contempt and indifference that does not speak well for the philanthropy or the justice of our legislators.

Mr. Mackinnon has on more than one occasion appeared before the public as an author. Besides some well written pamphlets, and papers in leading periodicals, in support of his favorite scheme for social improvement, he published some years since a valuable work of *Public Opinion*, which was remarkable at once for largeness of views and lucidity of expression. He has also written on the currency. But his chief literary effort was the work which he produced in the year 1846, entitled *A History of Civilization*, and which was reviewed in this periodical at the time.

As an orator Mr. Mackinnon does not make much display, yet he is unusually an effective speaker. The modesty of his manner of delivery propitiates favor, and induces a more attentive study of the really valuable matter with which his speeches are often charged. They are never disfigured by any partizan feeling; put a philosophic tone pervades his views even of the questions which form the subject of party contest from hour to hour. He seldom intrudes on the House. He never rushes into debates; but reserves himself chiefly for those great questions upon which every member of any consequence with his party is expected to speak. Modesty, as has been said, characterises his delivery. His physical attributes are not favorable to oratory. With a highly intelligent countenance, and a well formed person, he yet wants dignity of manner; and his voice is weak and rather husky. But there is such a total absence of pretension, and such an evident sincerity and amiability of character, that he is always listened to with respectful attention, and can command a hearing even when the House would be impatient of a more conspicuous but less considerate speaker. In politics Mr. Mackinnon is a Conservative with Liberal views: he was always in favor of free trade principles. His opinion is much respected by his party; but after all, his chief claim on the attention and consideration of his contemporaries rests on his persevering philanthropy. His accomplishments of mind are of a higher order than those which are usually displayed in a popular assembly; but of his good intentions his fellow laborers are better able to judge, and their decision is decidedly in his favor.

THE HEROIC WIFE.

When the revolutionary tribunals were established in 1793, Monsieur Duportail's name was one of the first which figured on the list of those suspected who were to undergo trial, if the formula gone through on such occasions could be called such, and which so quickly sent its victims from the Conciergerie to the scaffold. M. Duportail had many titles to proscription, among which might be numbered his being steward of the royal farms, and an upright honest man. He had been married about three years to a lady he had brought from Martinique, by whom he had two children: mutual affection, and all the happiness that wealth can bestow, centered in his household when the Reign of Terror commenced.

Having fortunately received intimation of the threatened danger, he quitted his dwelling a few hours previous to the arrival of the revolutionary emissaries, and secreted himself in the house of an old domestic in the faubourgs. The same evening his wife joined him. In expectation of such an event, she had, a few days previously, collected what money and valuables were in her possession, regulated the affairs most pressing, and prepared everything which she deemed necessary for a sudden departure.

"We must instantly leave Paris," said she; "a carriage containing the children waits for us; and if we reach Bourdeaux, we can easily conceal ourselves in my father's house until an opportunity offers for embarking for Martinique."

M. Duportail, unable to comprehend the extreme peril of his situation, endeavoured to dissuade her from her resolution; and it was only when she im-

plored him for their children's sake to see, that he at length consented to leave Paris the next day.

During the evening, the old servant having gone out to reconnoitre, returned with the startling intelligence that every conveyance was strictly searched at the barriers, and that many persons endeavouring to escape had been arrested. The good fortune of his wife in procuring two passports did not tranquillise him; and, aware of the surveillance which existed in every town through which they would have to pass, he determined on pursuing another course, which would at least save her the misery of being a witness of his arrest.

The next day he met the carriage at the appointed hour, and after some persuasions, prevailed on Madame Duportail to leave Paris accompanied only by the children, promising that he would immediately quit the city on foot, and disguised. Once safe outside the barriers, he hoped he might be able to procure horses, and rejoin her at Bordeaux, or possibly on the road.

As was expected, on reaching the barrier the coach was stopped, and at either side appeared a sinister countenance, surmounted by the red cap. "It is a woman!" exclaimed one. "Who are you?" demanded the other.

Madame Duportail tendered her passport, and after a short scrutiny, the order was given to proceed. With a lightened heart she continued her route, each moment hoping to be overtaken by her husband; but in vain were her expectations. Hour after hour passed in feverish anxiety, her only solace being the caresses of her children. On arriving at Tours, there was no intelligence of him: the same disappointment awaited her at every town through which she passed. On reaching Bourdeaux, she immediately drove to her father's residence.

"My husband?" was all she could utter, throwing herself into her parent's arms.

"Your husband! Unhappy child, you are not then aware of his arrest?"

"Arrested! Where?—when?"

"At Paris on the 9th of October."

It was the very day of her departure. Though stunned by the intelligence, she quickly recovered herself. "Tell me all. He is arrested, but he is still living?"

"He is; but every day these monsters judge, condemn, and—"

"Leave the horses to the carriage!" exclaimed the young wife; "or rather get fresh ones: I shall instantly return to Paris. I must save him—I shall save him!"

All remonstrance was unheeded, nor would she even allow her father to run any risk by accompanying her. The only delay to which she consented was while he went to procure a letter from an old acquaintance to a member of the Convention, who, besides having some influence himself, happened to be the confidant of Danton, the then minister of justice. Leaving the children with her father, she retraced her route, and, nearly exhausted, arrived in Paris eight days after M. Duportail's arrest. Without loss of time, she sought the deputy for whom the letter was directed; but on inquiry, was told by an old portress at the lodge that he was from home.

"I shall wait for him," said Madame Duportail.

"As you please," replied the old woman; "but where will you stay?"

"I shall remain here," replied madame, terrified by the insolent tone of the speaker.

"In the rain! You must be an aristocrat, then, for they are capable of anything. Our deputies have enough to do, I warrant; for they are beset from morning till night with petitions." With a malicious glance she passed into the lodge.

Thus left to herself, the young wife could not avoid reflecting upon the situation in which she was placed; and though, under other circumstances, she would have shrunk at the idea of visiting a man unknown to her, she was too much absorbed with the thought of her husband's peril to heed it at that moment. A glance at her travel-stained dress, and a fear that her appearance in such plight would have an unfavourable effect on the mind of her protector, made her hesitate as to whether she should remain; but no time was allowed for consideration, for at that moment a gentleman, dressed in ball costume, carrying some papers in his hand, descended into the court.

"Here is the deputy, young lady. I find that I was mistaken in saying he had gone out," exclaimed the portress, chuckling as she emerged from the lodge, yet half afraid that her falsehood might get her in trouble.

Madame Duportail presented the letter to the stranger, who, glancing at the writing, and then at his visitor, requested her, with an air of constraint, to come into the house. On opening the letter, and perusing it rapidly, "I am going to the Convention," said he, "and have no time to lose: this letter tells me who you are, and is sufficient to make me do all in my power for your husband. Oblige me by coming up stairs." He led the way into an elegantly-furnished apartment, the furniture of which bore evident traces of the Revolution. The pictures were surmounted by armorial bearings, some of the subjects being devotional, while others represented battle scenes, in which the members of the royal family were conspicuous; the room evinced all the luxury of a noble mansion of the old regime.

Having handed his visitor a chair, the deputy seated himself before a table covered with papers and pamphlets.

"Madame, I fear that Citizen Danton is at present in the country, but I shall give you a letter which must be delivered to him by yourself on his return."

"Will his stay be long, monsieur?"

"A few days."

"But, monsieur—" "The scaffold will not wait his return," she would have added, but her voice failed, and she burst into tears.

"He may perhaps be here to-morrow," said the deputy, as he commenced writing. Her eyes followed the pen in its movements, and with difficulty she restrained herself from sobbing aloud. "There," added the deputy, as he folded the letter, "I am confident my friend will be satisfied that I have done all in my power, as he demanded. I am happy in having rendered you this little service," continued he, as he rose and politely presented the letter.

Madame Duportail had also risen. "Do you think, monsieur, that Citizen Danton will take pity on me?" she asked in an almost inarticulate voice.

The deputy regarded her for a moment silently, and with a scarce perceptible smile replied, "I have no doubt of it." He made a few steps towards the door, but returning, added, "Be sure to deliver the letter yourself."

They descended the stairs, and the deputy, making a profound salute, rapidly traversed the courtyard. Madame Duportail followed more slowly. It was only then that she was struck by the peculiarity of the look which accompanied the injunction to deliver the letter in person, and she felt some misgivings as the idea arose in her mind that there was a mystery linked with it which she could not fathom. While walking along the street, her attention was excited by a stentorian voice exclaiming, "A list of the execrable conspirators who have been condemned by national justice to suffer to-morrow morning." She shud-

dered as she tendered a piece of money to the man, who, handing her one of the papers, continued his route, uttering his funeral cry. With a palpitating heart she glanced over the list, which contained the names, ages, and rank of the victims whose doom had been pronounced; but her husband was not among the number. "He still lives," was the wife's silent ejaculation. But who could speak for the morrow! The remainder of the day was passed in gleaning information respecting the prisoners: her husband, she learned, was incarcerated in the Oratorio.

The next morning she went to Danton's house. The citizen minister still slept. On her return some hours after, she was told that he had left town.

"Where has he gone?"

"To Auteuil," was the reply of the domestic, in a tone of impertinent familiarity.

This suspense was dreadful; but her hopes again rose when, on consulting the public lists, her husband's name did not appear. The following day, changing her dress so as not to be recognised by the valets, she inquired for Danton. The minister was in his office, but could not be disturbed. Entering a cabaret at the opposite side of the street, from whence the house was observable, she called for some wine. The woman of the shop, interested by her youth and beauty, and rightly guessing that some other motive than that of drinking wine induced her to remain so long, strove by her attention to lessen the young wife's grief. The evening fell, and thanking the woman for her kindness, Madame Duportail, with the energy of despair, boldly entered the minister's hotel. On the domestics endeavouring to prevent her going beyond the courtyard, she showed the letter, mentioning its being from Citizen R—, and the necessity of its immediate delivery. The deputy's name acted like a talisman, and she ascended the grand staircase. Servants were hurrying to and fro, and in the confusion she reached the door of one of the upper apartments, from whence the sound of boisterous mirth proceeded. She was here accosted by a domestic, who inquired her business. Without making a reply, she endeavoured to pass him, in which she partly succeeded, but recoiled with terror at finding herself in a brilliantly-lighted apartment, where a number of men were seated around a supper-table. The noise occasioned by her entry attracted the attention of a man with square high shoulders, his hair in disorder, and wearing a ribbon at the breast of his coat, who angrily demanded the cause.

"Citizen minister, it is a woman."

"Ah, she wishes to see me, I suppose! We must attend to the ladies," added he, coming forward and endeavouring to assume an air of politeness.

Madame Duportail lowered her eyes as she presented the letter, which Danton opened and perused.

"Madame Duportail, my colleague has already spoken of you: we must look after this affair."

"You know, monsieur, how pressing it is."

"Yes, yes; I know all about it," replied Danton, as he rudely gazed at her.

"Monsieur, one line from your pen—"

Assuredly: we shall see; but I cannot allow so pretty a woman to depart so soon. I have a few friends with me, but there need be no ceremony. Favour us with your company. Come!"

A dizziness seized her, as she entered the room, on perceiving that the eyes of the guests were directed towards her. "I present you, madame, to the friends of whom I have spoken; they will be delighted, I am sure, of seeing you amongst them," said Danton as he handed a chair, which she, however, removed some distance from the table.

"Will you not, then, honour us by taking supper?"

Madame refused by a gesture. For a time her presence seemed to throw a constraint over some, while others continued their conversation, glancing at her with looks of impertinent curiosity. Danton alone addressed her, endeavouring from time to time to persuade her to join them at table. During supper he drank deeply, and now and then joined the conversation which was passing around him, his stentorian voice, when he spoke, drowning all others. A discussion at length arose, which was put an end to by Danton's health being proposed and drunk.

"To the Republic!" shouted a voice at the lower end of the table. The glasses were immediately filled, while the eyes of all were turned towards Madame Duportail.

"This time, I am sure, you will not refuse to join in the pledge with these brave gentlemen; the wine is of the mildest description."

"I suspect," said one of the guests, "that it is not the wine she fears, but the pledge the toast carries."

"I'll wager that she does not voluntarily drink to the nation," remarked another.

"Confound this hesitation!" exclaimed Danton impatiently; prove that you are a good patriot, and worthy to figure at table with the principal members of the Convention."

Madame Duportail's agitation was excessive; but a sense of danger recalled her presence of mind, and taking the proffered glass from Danton, she replied, "I shall drink to the nation with pleasure." On her pledging the toast, the plaudits of all were vociferous.

"We want nothing but music to complete our enjoyment," said a young man, addressing Danton.

"True, very true; I love music passionately, though I do not understand three notes. One would imagine that, with such a voice, I should sing well; but in my younger days

"The woods with echoes rang

From the tone in which I sang."

While all laughed at the quotation, he leant gallantly towards Madame Duportail. "With such a charming countenance, you must have a divine voice. Do you sing?" A reluctant affirmative escaped her lips. "You will sing, then?" added he; but we must procure a harp."

Madame Duportail, pale and indignant, with the sensitive feelings of a woman, though she felt that the life of her husband might perhaps depend on her acquiescence, endeavoured, when the harp was brought, to excuse herself; but those by whom she was surrounded seeming to take a fiendish pleasure in the misery they were inflicting.

"Will you refuse me, then?" said Danton half aloud. "Take care, madame; recollect it is the first favour I have asked."

Having sat down before the harp, with a trembling hand she played a prelude, and sang with tolerable composure one of the favourite songs of that period, which Danton applauded with ecstasy, and obliged her to repeat. The effects of the wine became every moment more perceptible on all. Several coarse jests were hazarded; and at length became of such a nature, that she arose, under pretext of requiring air. "Very well," said Danton in a brusque manner, and without leaving his chair, "you can wait for me in the neighbouring apartment."

She was conducted by a valet along a corridor into a room, the walls of which were hung with costly pictures. In the centre, strewn with papers and writing materials, was a table from which in all likelihood had emanated those fearful warrants of death which had made so many hearts desolate. Such was the involuntary thought of Madame Duportail; and as the idea smote on her heart that her husband's condemnation might at that moment be lying before her, she was seized with a vague feeling of terror, and sank powerless on a chair. The sound of boisterous mirth caused her frequently to start, and her apprehensions were further increased by perceiving that the candle was nearly exhausted. She had been nearly two hours alone, when a domestic entered, bearing a lighted candle in each hand. "When shall I be able to see the minister?" she asked in an agitated voice.

"He is coming," replied the man, as he deposited the candles on the table and retired. At the same moment a door at the opposite side of the apartment opened with a shock, and before the young woman uttered the cry which rose involuntarily to her lips, she recognised Danton, who staggering into the room, threw himself on a chair. He was without his cravat, and the frills of his shirt were disordered, and stained with wine. On perceiving his visitor, his inflamed countenance assumed a maudlin expression as he exclaimed, "Ah, is it you, citoyenne?"

The injunction of the deputy, when giving the letter, flashed vividly across her memory.

"I shall surely die of apoplexy!" muttered the minister in a maudlin voice; that is if they give me time. These suppers are very pleasant, but—the morning!"

Madame Duportail's terror changed to agony at the thought that he might be too inebriated to write, and hastily approaching him, she exclaimed, "Citizen minister, you surely have not forgotten the promise you gave me?"

"Ha! What do you say?"

"The letter you are to write—the grace you would accord me at the recommendation of Citizen R——; the life—the life of my husband!"

"Well, it is but necessary to erase his name from the list—that is to say, to remove it from the bundle."

"What bundle?" exclaimed the wife with feverish anxiety: "Where is it?"

"Give me air. I am stifled!"

Not daring to go within reach of the drunken monster, she ran and opened the window.

"That Robespierre is a scoundrel—he never drinks unless it be blood. Babiste, address me!"

"Monsieur—monsieur!" interrupted the young woman, "where is this bundle—this list? Give it me."

Danton turned with impatience to the other side, and growled, "Call Fauquier; he knows where it is: or take it yourself," added he, pointing to an escritoire, the nests of which were filled with papers.

Following his directions, she quickly stood on a chair, and commenced her researches. "Carton A?" asked she in a voice trembling with anxiety, taking down a lettered bundle.

"I ask pardon, my dear, for my gaiety. I feel obliged to R—— for having sent you. Do let me hear another chanson; you sing so divinely!"

For a moment she remained silent, but perceiving that he was again falling into a lethargy, she once more broke silence—"Carton B?"

"What's his name?"

"Duportail."

"Duportail!—Carton A!—Carton B! Seek then in D. How stupid you are, my dear? You amuse me with your Carton A?" added he, giving way to a burst of laughter as he sunk back in his chair.

Without loss of time she took the bundle of warrants marked D, and opening the string, hastily perused the name written on the back of each. Her husband's was the third; the warrant bore the minister's signature, and his execution was to have taken place the following morning. Securing the paper with an inward thanksgiving, she moved forward to thank Danton; but seeing that his eyes were closed, noiselessly glided towards the door, and disappeared.

The next morning, with the warrant in her possession, she found little difficulty in getting Duportail's name erased from the jailer's book, and she and her husband were soon on their route to Bordeaux, where, reunited to their family, they sailed for Martinique. At the Restoration they returned to France; and the Heroic Wife is, we believe, still alive.

NATURE AT WAR.

To him who is accustomed to contemplate nature as a great scene, in which nothing but universal peace and harmony prevail, it will be a startling assertion to make, that all nature is at war. It is, however, not the less true. Throughout all animated nature, from man himself down to the meanest animalcule sporting in its ocean of a drop of water, there runs a system of reciprocal defensive and offensive warfare—the stronger against the weaker, the greater against the less. Nor are we to regard the vegetable kingdom itself, ordinarily looked upon as so passive and inoffensive, as an exception to this rule: the stronger and more luxuriant weed is more than a match for the delicately appressed flower, and it will eventually, though by a power of a negative character, succeed in expelling its gentler rival from the field. But, as a general rule, it is right to consider the vegetable world as 'more sinned against than sinning'; and we consequently find that the powers with which it has been endowed are chiefly of the defensive kind. Still let me not be misunderstood. It is not that I would intimate that a real harmony does not characterise the operations of the Divine creative intelligence; for such a harmony, as wonderful as it is great, really exists, and is, in fact, the wise and beneficial result of this very circumstance—the war of nature. From the scenes of confusion, anarchy, and mutual destruction, appearing such when separately regarded, springs that beautiful correlation of organised beings known to the natural philosopher as the equilibrium of species, or the balance of creation. It is my purpose, on the present and upon a future occasion, to enter into some consideration of the elements of this warfare, defensive and offensive. Some of those striking evidences of a foregoing design, which find their wide development in creation at large, are to be found in rich abundance in the discussion of this interesting subject, and reveal to us at every step, a fresh demonstration of the stupendous attributes of that creative Wisdom which, while it produces a universe, can stoop to organise a humble insect, or to endow with form and functions a still more insignificant animalcule.

If, in our first excursions into a foreign country, we were to see the inhabitants going about carrying pistols in their belts, and swords in their hands, or covered with some impenetrable armour, we should make the very natural conjecture that an intestinal warfare must be going on. The weapons of offence

and defence imply an enemy and a warfare in themselves. When, therefore, we discover among the inhabitants of the animal kingdom an infinity of apparatus expressly contrived for attack and defence, we are led to draw a similar conclusion. Thus, from a brief review of the defences with which the Creator has supplied his creatures, we shall collect the fact, that there is a civil war going on through all grades of the animated and organised worlds. These defences are of many kinds. Such as will admit of classification will be treated of first, and afterwards those of a miscellaneous nature. It will also be convenient to consider the defensible provisions of the vegetable world, though briefly, as distinct from those of the animal, although in their general nature they are closely assimilated.

To commence. *Imitiveness* is one of the most curious and interesting of these means of defence against an enemy; while it is one which in some cases exhibits in a singular light the mental faculties, if the expression can be allowed, of the creatures to whom it has been given. Imitiveness is a safeguard whose utility depends upon a creature passing for what it is not, and being thus overlooked by its foes. Imitiveness is either passive or active. Either the colour, form, or aspect of the creature resembles some other natural object, or, by an effort of its own, it is able closely to imitate the object for which it wishes, so to speak, to be mistaken. Among insects we meet with many instances of *passive* Imitiveness: some of the spectre tribe, or *Phasma*, exactly resemble small branches of trees, aping them in their appearance even to the very sprays, knots, and unevenness on their surface. Others appear like dried leaves—brown, arid, and lifeless; while others have delicate frames of lace-like texture, so closely approximating to the aspect of leaves whose parenchyma has been removed (such as we find in ponds after they have undergone a long maceration), as to render it a matter of difficulty to decide upon their real nature until the creatures are seen in motion. The *Bombyx quercifolia*, and some of the *Lepidoptera*, come under this classification. When these creatures are seen on trees hanging down like withered leaves, none but an entomologist would dream of their being anything else. M. Leleuvre mentions an insect he met with in the desert, which was of a perfectly identical colour with the brown sand; while a little farther on, where the soil was white, the insect assumed a silvery white appearance. Insects also often resemble pebbles, stones, gravel, &c. and can hardly be distinguished from them, when resting among such objects, even by a very sharp scrutiny. Many too, such as the little green and yellowish insects which infest our flowers, especially rose-trees, are of a colour so precisely that of the green leaves or branches they are devouring, as in many cases to escape detection. When these tiny creatures change their abode, their colour generally changes to a corresponding colour. Some resemble the mosses, bark, and even the flowers of trees and shrubs upon which they are found; and so nearly, that a leaf upon which one is resting may be taken into the hand, and yet the insect remain unperceived. Some which prey upon the ova, or produce of other insects, are so nearly like their victims in appearance, as even to be permitted to enter the nest, and accomplish their predatory objects, without discovery; they are little 'wolves in sheep's clothing.' It is stated that bees, who have generally something to afford, are frequently subject to this species of deception.

We find also among the finny tribes the evidences of a similar provision. Those fish which swim low in the water have their backs coloured to correspond with a deep sea hue; while those which, like the mackerel, swim near the surface, have their bellies of a lustrous white, so as to be less distinguishable, by enemies swimming beneath them, from the bright sky above. Indeed the general difference in colour of the back and belly of fish seems a provision against enemies from above and below. Those fish which live among weeds, have the colour of the weed as their prevailing tint; while those which live at the bottom, such as soles, flat-fish, &c., resemble the sand or mud. Some fish, as well as frogs, change their colour with that of the mud and weeds of the waters they inhabit.

Birds, upon whose strength and swiftness of pinion depends their greatest security, are able likewise to avoid their winged enemies by the strict correspondence of their plumage in colour with that of the brown fields, or the withered branches and leaves, upon which they repose. Who, in the boyish pursuit after the tiny wren, has not half conceived her to possess the power of invisibility, as she has ran along the seared stump or mossy bank before his feet? The hawk thus often loses his prey, and wheels off in sullen disappointment, while the lark he has been pursuing is all the time only crouching down among some kindred coloured herbage. The small birds, when under pursuit, seem to be quite sensible of the value of this defence, and seek out those spots of ground or patches of vegetation, which bear the nearest resemblance to their own colour. Darwin tells us that birds which are much among flowers, such as the goldfinch, are furnished with very vivid colours themselves. The partridge, the wood-cock, the tree-pigeons of the East, and the quail, and even the tiny tem-tit, are deeply indebted to this provision of colour for their defence.

Among animals too, although in a less remarkable manner, passive imitiveness is a means of defence. The changeable appearance of that animal Proteus, the chameleon, is a striking instance in point. The *trapelus*, the *polychus*, and several of the *anolis*, possess the same wonderful property; some of them can change their colour even more suddenly than the chameleon itself. The reader must be familiar with the explanation of this phenomenon; which consists in the sudden inflation of the enormous lungs of these creatures, rendering them almost transparent. The hare, as she sits in her form, can only with great difficulty be distinguished, by the unpractised eye, from the herbage around her; and were it not for eyes and noses more acute than those of men, she would often escape by this means. It appears not improbable that the change of colour in the animals of northern regions in winter, is an additional provision against their enemies.

Active Imitiveness is one of the most curious subjects in natural history. To only a limited number of the members of the zoological scale has it been given to play the mimic in the great game of life and death. Commencing with insects again, which are mimics in a wonderful degree, the first stratagem we meet with is the *mock death*. Many insects, on being touched, instantly curl themselves up, and drop into a seemingly lifeless condition, out of which nothing but the pressure of urgent danger can arouse them, and then, like some human malingerers we have read of, they speedily find their limbs, and run for their lives. There is a beetle called the *Anobium pertinax*, commemorated by writers on entomology, whose astonishing endurance in this death-like condition scarcely finds a parallel in the marble rigidity of the tortured Indian. This little Spartan may be pricked with needles, roasted over a slow flame, maimed, wounded, and even torn limb from limb, without evincing a single symptom of sensation or of life; but in its own time, if indeed it has not been too seriously injured, it will come to life again, and coolly walk away as if nothing had happened. The spider is known to every one to perform this feat of simulation. Some insects will, when assaulted, turn on their backs, and stretch out their

little limbs in all the immobility of death itself; and after shamming until the danger is over, they will resume their briskness again. This device seems directed against that sentiment in the breast of their enemies which prevents their attacking anything from which life has departed. Other insects will lie on the branches of trees, and arrange themselves in such stiff, inanimate postures, as to cause them frequently to be mistaken for the branches or twigs themselves. An anecdote is told of a gardener, who, seeing, as he thought, a dry twig on a tree, broke it off, and to his surprise found it to be a caterpillar. Another is related of a servant who, finding, as she thought, little round beads in the garden, began to string them into a rosary, when she found them to be animated creatures. The puss-moth, hawk-moth, and others, are caterpillars of the appearance of withered leaves and twigs.

Among birds, the pee-witt or plover is familiarly known to imitate lameness. It will turn over and over, limping and hobbling, and uttering its peculiar plaintive cry, until it has drawn the intruder to a distance from its nest, when it takes wing, and leaves him baffled and disappointed. Its eggs, too, have a brown colour, which makes their discovery among the dry grass which surround them more difficult. The partridge also, to lure away an enemy, will run just as if it was wounded. Some of the feline tribe, and others among animals, will stimulate sleep, until their hapless prey has been drawn near enough to be pounced upon. Singular to relate, there is a crab, the *Cancer phalangium*, which cuts off small pieces of a marine fucus, and fastening them upon its spines, marches upon its enemies, like Birnam wood to Dunsinane.

Armour must be considered as the next and most obvious defence, and may be regarded, as in the former instance, both as passive and active: passive where, like a coat of mail, it is a negative defence, and active when it consists of weapons used by the voluntary efforts of the animal. The insects are frequently provided with an armour of hairs, some of which, on being touched, will produce violent pain and inflammation of the hands; and others are protected by a covering of mail. Many beetles may be trodden upon by the human foot without injury; ants and others often escape death even after being apparently crushed beneath the weight of man. The forest-fly, or *Hippobosca equina*, is well known to be killed with the utmost difficulty by the pressure of the finger and thumb. The cocoon of the silk-worm is a beautiful illustration of this kind of safeguard. The larva is here protected by its silken envelope from many of the dangers that would otherwise be fatal to it. The 'frog-spittle,' as it is vulgarly called, so often seen on our bushes, contains and protects the larva of a little insect, by its very disagreeableness, from the attacks of wasps and birds, &c. Others are covered, or cover themselves, with a kind of cottony or feathery amour. Some roll themselves up; and their projecting hairs make it a matter of difficulty to take hold of them.

Among the inhabitants of the waters we immediately encounter the crustaceous animals, which are protected by a calcareous coating outside; the familiar examples are the sea-urchin, the crab, the lobster, crayfish, &c. Shells are a defence common to land and marine creatures, and are in some cases so strong, as to render them almost impregnable. The scales of fish, as of the carp, are also of service as a defence. The solid armour of the genus *Tetudo*, the tortoise tribe, are good illustrations. Among these the bosc-tortoise is wonderfully provided; for it possesses a shell articulated by two lids, so that when the head and limbs of the animal are withdrawn, it is completely encased in it, and can bid defiance to its enemies. The armadillo has received its name from the paving-stone-like armour which protects it. The term *Pachydermata*, or thick-skinned animals, is applied to those whose tegument is so thickened as to form a very effectual defence. The skin is sometimes so plated, as in the hide of the rhinoceros, as to resemble the roof of a house; while among snakes there is a remarkable illustration of mail-like armour. The scaly ant-eaters, again, are provided with large scales like tiles, which, on being attacked, they can elevate, and then roll themselves into a ball. The hedgehog curls up the vital parts, bending himself in a round prickly ball, which has not one weak part exposed. The dense coat of hair in other animals a defence not to be despised; that of the shaggy bear is used on our soldier's caps as a shelter from the blows of the sword. The feathers of birds are in some instances of a similar value. Many of the alligator family have skins so studded and caruncled with warty excrescences, as to give them the appearance of those doors which are covered with iron nails. Helmets and bony shields are not uncommon among fish.

Active armour is, however, a more general provision, being possessed by an infinite number of the animal world. Among insects it is the great leveller of the enormously disproportionate power between their enemies and themselves; rendering some of the least of such apparently insignificant creatures objects of terror, suffering, and aversion both to man and to the brute creation. The sting of the mosquito tribe, that scourge of hot and cold countries alike, is a well-known instance. The venom of the scorpion is frequently so powerful, as to prove fatal, or to require the amputation of the bitten limb. Some of the black ants sting so keenly, the part feels as if cauterized; and there is an ant called the 'Ant of Visitation,' before which the inhabitants will even rise in the middle of the night and fly. The celebrated *tarantula* spider, about which so many fables have been circulated, gives a very sharp and venomous bite; but its effects soon disappear. Many of the centipedes bite in a similar way. The stag-beetle is another ferocious insect, terrible from the power of the great forceps it carries, like antlers, on its head. The common earwig carries a similar weapon at his tail. Some of the large South American spiders are so powerful and venomous, as to be able to destroy humming-birds, pigeons, &c. The burning sand-fly occasions a wound so minute as to be almost imperceptible, as if the flesh were burned with a red-hot needle. There is a small wood-spider called the *tenderaman*, whose bite is usually fatal. Among fish are those terrific instruments the teeth of the shark; the spike of the rhipias or sword-fish, a weapon so powerful, as to be frequently driven violently through the bottom of a ship's boat; and many more. The saw-fish has a powerful serrated snout, with which it attacks, and frequently successfully, the largest whales. There is a roundish species of fish, known as the *diodon*, which looks like an aquatic porcupine. Cuvier compares it to the burr of a chestnut, it is so thickly covered with sharp-pointed spines, which it is able to erect at its will. Others are armed with sharp instruments upon their fins and tails, which are directed in different ways to suit the habits and motion of the fish. Some of the *Scorpena* tribe are so hirsute with these fearful weapons, as to present an aspect perfectly frightful; and some possess poisonous instruments as well. The flying fish has a long, stout spine, which forms a powerful weapon. A fish called the *monocentris* is wonderfully defended by being completely mailed with rough angular scales, besides having five or six immense spines disposed on different parts of its body. The reader scarcely requires to be reminded of the little stickle-back, whose sharp dorsal spines must often have pierced his hands. Some foreign members of the same family, in addition to these spiny ornaments, have likewise a bony hauberk.

There is a fish vulgarly known as the *surgeon*, found in the Indian Ocean, which carries a strong movable spine on each side of its tail, as sharp as a lancet, and inflicts severe wounds on those who carelessly handle it. There is a curious fish with green bones, called the *belone*, which has a bite considered highly dangerous; and some of the genus *Silurus* possess a spine above the shoulder, which they can raise or depress at will, the wounds of which are often followed by tetanus. It is only necessary just to mention, to avoid incompleteness, the fangs of serpents with the consequences of their bites; and the vast claws, sharp snouts, tusks, and horn-like processes of some of the Carnaria, are also weapons which will occur to the recollection of every one. The tail of serpents and apes, and particularly of the Marsupialia, is a weapon occasionally of considerable efficacy. The hoof and horns of the horse and buffalo may be also enumerated. The jaws of the lion, tiger, &c. are terrible instruments too: of the hyena it is mentioned that so great is the muscular force with which it fastens upon anything, that it is impossible to separate it from its object; the Arabs, on this account, give its name as a synonyme for obstinacy. It is a remarkable circumstance, that some of the *Orycteropi*, or ant-eaters, have a spur on their hind-feet, perforated by a canal, which leads to a gland secreting a liquid, and placed in the inner part of the thigh; the wounds of this instrument, which is almost an anomaly in itself, are said to be highly dangerous. Among birds, the talons and the beak form the chief offensive instruments. The courages little shrike, and a bird called the American tyrant, use the beak alone, and with success, against the attacks of the largest birds. Many birds have hooked bills; the albatross, or man-of-war bird, eagles, and vultures, possess this powerful addition. Finally may be mentioned the claws or forceps of the Crustaceans—the crab and lobster. These are appendages of vast power, and are used with effect both as a defence and as a means for crushing the shells of the smaller creatures upon which they prey. It is even reported that some of the large species have been known to seize a goat, and drag it into the water, drowning and devouring it.

MY WEDDING SUIT.

It was the eve of my marriage, and I had parted with my Isabella, with a fluttering at my throat, and a generally perturbed frame of mind, that would have rather befitted a criminal on the verge of execution, than a bachelor on the threshold of wedded life. We were in Paris, and it was one of France's brightest August nights. As I looked out of my window down upon the Boulevard, bathed in moonlight at my feet, the lover of romance would have sought in vain in my features for the signs of a proud and acknowledged suitor, about to take permanent possession of what should be dearest to him upon earth. To be honest, my mind was agitated by a most fearful anxiety. I doubted not of Isabella's love; I doubted as little of the sincerity of my own. I was not entering upon what is commonly called a bad match. We were not to reside with my future mother-in-law. No! to none of these mischances was I prey. I smile to myself, as I now write the words; but at that very precise moment when I was looking up at the moon, upon my life, I was thinking wholly and solely of nothing else than the clothes in which I was to appear on the morrow. Hear me out! I never was a puppy about dress; I was fully aware that the "Morning Post" devotes no column to the attire of the bridegroom; but somehow or other, that villain Hertz had not sent home so much as a sleeve, and I was horribly nervous. To make the matter worse, Isabella had but that very day been abusing a green coat it was at that time my delight to wear; and had said—half in jest and half in earnest,—that she never could think of marrying any man in such a fright of a waistcoat. I summoned my man; and, with as much indifference as I could assume, made enquiries after the missing apparel. Antoine was, of course "desole," he knew nothing about it; but had seen M. Hertz, a short time before, pass the house in company with a friend, and "supérieurement bien pare." The very colour of his coat had not been forgotten. I mentally consigned M. Hertz and his coat to the keeping of a gentleman, who never varies his dress, and has possibly the good fortune always to possess a black coat in reserve for an emergency. Twelve o'clock came—one—two—I resolved to go to bed, and end in sleep a day, which was becoming insupportably long for me. Doubtless the suit would come the first thing in the morning. Soothed by the reflection, my mind gradually regained its proper tone; and with a murmured prayer for Isabella, I dropped asleep. I am confident that the horrors of that night have never been surpassed in the wildest Ghost-story that has ever been concocted—even in the Black Forests of dear, legend-loving Germany. At one time, I dreamed that I was a dummy in a tailor's window, dressed (by Moses) in the extreme of fashion, and bowing my head uncomfortably within the folds of an "Albert Stock," in graceful acknowledgment of the admiring passers-by. At another, I fancied myself the clothes of a murderer, swinging backwards and forwards on the gibbet, with the action of the wind. Again, I was a pawnbroker, and was buying a blue coat of Isabella. And now I was standing at the altar in my own proper person, in my green coat, and my bride in a yellow-satin; whilst my mother-in-law was frowning beneath a crimson bonnet, in a manner terrible to look upon. Most fortunate is it, that evil dreams last no longer than do—alas!—their pleasant foster brothers! and, with heavy head and un-refreshed eye-lids, I at length awoke. It was a brilliant morning, and nearly nine o'clock. I rang for Antoine, and, when he appeared, asked with desperate fortitude, if they were come. No school boy about, for the first time, to veil the redundancy of his form beneath the modest swallow-tail, could have instituted a more rigorous cross-examination touching the important vestment. Of course, nothing was known about the things. Well! he must go to Hertz, and bring home as much as was finished. The waistcoat did not so much signify; I could button up my coat, and its absence would not be remarked. Having despatched Antoine, I sat down to shave, almost with a steady hand. I cut myself desperately, however,—on my chin of course; and my uthier feature was soon half covered by an invidious mass of sticking-plaster, I was trying to recollect, as I looked in the glass, what Peninsular officer it was that I so much resembled, when a light knock was heard at the door, and my friend Hercule Hector Leonidas, Comte de Vanille, was announced. He had undertaken—right good fellow that he was—to be my sheriff of private life, to stick close to me till all was over, and see that everything was done that was right and proper.

"Mais, mon cher!" he exclaimed, "not dressed yet. I would rather have found you asleep than sitting so patiently in your dressing-gown, as if you had nothing to do but sip your coffee and read your Galignani. Let me ring for both, whilst you put the finishing stroke to your toilet. What have you done to your chin? Apropos, I hope Hertz has justified my recommendation. Do you see this coat? this is his."

See it! how could I help it! There stood the fellow grinning at me with his handsome teeth, the best dressed man in Paris. And to walk out of my rooms, arm-and-arm with him, in my green coat!

"My dear Vanille," I replied, with a sickly smile, "I fear you have got your-

self up at an enormous expense on my account. You will look much more of a bridegroom than I shall. Do you know," I added, (with what was meant to be a jovial laugh, but it missed fire), "it is a capital joke; but that ruffian Hertz has not yet sent home my clothes. What the d—! am I to do?"

"Do!" gasped Vanille, in the interval of (as it seemed to me) a very unnecessary roar of laughter, "do, my good fellow! why, go as you are: be married in your dressing-gown; it really is a very quiet pattern."

"My dear Vanille! I can forgive your laughing; but it is ten o'clock,—at eleven, you know, I must be in the Rue d'Agasseau. I have sent my fellow to Hertz; he has not returned, and cannot be back for another half-hour at least. I don't much fancy the idea of going to a ready made place for my wedding suit; and it would seem so odd to be married in an old coat. You look deuced well, Vanille, to day; but you are always well-dressed. (He smiled, and laid his hand upon his heart.) We are both of a size, Vanille; now I have just thought it would be such a lucky hit if we were to exchange dresses. I am sure your clothes would fit me; and you (of course, I don't want you to wear this) can suit yourself from my wardrobe there. I have some things, not quite so elaborate as your own, it is true; but that green coat, Vanille; (I don't think I ever saw you in green). I forget what is the name of that plaid—I think it is the Royal Stewart: blue trousers or brown? I have both."

Poor Vanille's face fell. He looked at himself, for a moment, in one of the pier glasses; took up, one by one, the proffered vestments, and laid them down again in silence.

"You always have the drollest ideas, my dear Vernon," he said. "It is rather a singular proposal of yours; but as you are so very unfortunately situated, why—I don't mind if I do accede to it; but upon one condition."

"Name it, old fellow!" I cried, as I threw my dressing-gown into one corner of the room, my slippers into another, and commenced pulling on my boots in frantic haste.

"Why! you may wear them as long as the affair lasts; but promise me to let me have them again after we leave the church. I also have a slight interest in making a creditable appearance to-day. In short, I should like to re-assume my own character at the *déjeuner*. Perhaps you will not mind travelling in this suit, (as he held up my clothes,) which I will now put on to oblige my dear friend: but you will promise me, on your part, never to employ that tailor again."

He was a good fellow, that Vanille: but it was with a sigh that the Frenchman took off, one by one, his cherished garments, and resigned them to me with very much the air of a mother parting with her offspring. By the time that he had worked himself into my integuments he did not look quite so bad, after all. With a groan, he buttoned his coat over the staring plaid waistcoat; and we were soon rattling over the pavement, in his cab, to the Rue d'Agasseau. Scarcely had we reached the church, before Vanille precipitated himself to the ground, and was quickly lost in the recesses of the vestry, observing that he knew the bishop, and that he would remain there quietly until his services were actually required at the altar. I found my attention attracted to an individual of unpretending appearance, who was stationed at the door, apparently contemplating the effect produced by our arrival. Perhaps my curiosity was the more provoked as I remarked his eye wandering over my person with that restless and comprehensive glance which seemed to have detected some fit subject for notice. He slightly bowed, and politely removed his hat. As I returned his salute he observed in French, "I believe there is to be a marriage to-day; would it be deemed an excessive breach of decorum if I were to venture to be a spectator of the ceremony?"

He evidently is a stranger in search of materials for a "Sketch," or "Pencil Book," I thought. Although I am no Frenchman, he shall at least have a favourable impression of Paris.

"If you will follow me," I replied, "you can have a good view of the whole affair, although I cannot promise that it will be very interesting, inasmuch as your humble servant is the chief actor in the scene."

My new friend started. "Is it possible?" he asked. "Can you really be going to be married to-day?"

There was a tinge of melancholy reproach in his tone—nay, almost of remorse; and I was somewhat puzzled what I should reply to his apostrophe, when Isabella drew up to the door radiant with smiles, blushes, and tears, and attended by the usual complement of friends and relations (of the female sex) who are accustomed, on similar occasions, to persuade the bride that she is an ill-used and persecuted individual, but that, all circumstances considered, she is to keep up her spirits and be as happy as she can. In half an hour or so the two words of such importance to two individuals had been pronounced, and we were united.

After the ceremony, I had just stepped outside the church, towards the carriage, when my unknown friend, peering at me with his grey, inquisitive eye, and politely begging pardon for intrusion at such a moment, addressed me.

"My name is M. Gaillard; they call me an agent of police; and I am here to arrest you for debt. Do not be afraid, ladies; I dare say we shall not require force, but he is rather a cunning dog, and I am obliged to use certain precautions. Here, Victor! Adolphe!" and two fellows who had been waiting hastened forwards, and seizing each one of my arms, stood with eyes fixed upon their chief.

I became almost speechless from surprise and indignation.

"It must be some mistake," I cried at length. "Do you know sir, to whom you are speaking?"

"Rather; I took your portrait in M. Hertz's colours too well at first to be deceived afterwards. There was no mistaking your identity from the miniature I carried about in my mind's eye."

"At least you will tell me at whose suit you arrest me."

"I have no particular objection. M. Hertz is my client. I am much distressed to break in upon you on such an occasion; but if you will come quietly with me, I dare say I shall not detain you long, as possibly some of your kind friends here may feel disposed to settle the little affair for you. After all, it is but ten thousand francs, and what is that to a man with such a neat turn-out as is now before us?"

"Ten thousand francs! I do not owe that rascal Hertz as many sous. I paid him for a suit of clothes which he has not sent me. This gentleman," I added, looking for Vanille, "is a witness;" but he had departed.

M. Gaillard followed the direction of my eye, and shrugged his shoulders with a smile. "It is a bad case," he said. "I am positively sorry for you; but you will excuse my mentioning that my time is precious. Do me the favour to wish these ladies and gentlemen good morning."

What on earth was to be done? Isabella was silently weeping. She did not reproach me,—even that would have been preferable,—but those tears,—things to which no arguments can be opposed,—are awkward affairs to deal with.

Her mother was looking most decidedly anti-monetary,—if possible, more austere than ever. Vanille too; what could have taken him away just at that very inconvenient moment! One by one the guests were departing grumbling at the probable loss of their breakfast, and indulged in audible comments upon the baseness of my conduct, and the impropriety of hasty marriages. I was at my wit's end. To pay the money,—even supposing I had it about me,—would be tantamount to an acknowledgment of my guilt, and as to endeavour to make them believe in my innocence was, for the present at least, a hopeless case. To confess the truth, I had not much more than the amount of Gaillard's claim about my person at the moment.

"Do not believe it, dear Isabella," I cried. "Fear nothing. Return home. I will go with this person, and if I do not join you in an hour, never think of me more." I kissed her cheek, which was very cold, but not turned away from me, and followed M. Gaillard, who made a most unexceptionable bow.

At a little distance stood a *fiacre*, in curious contrast to the dark green chariot, with four English greys, above referred to. I proposed to M. Gaillard that we should enter my chariot, as a more speedy means of transit, but he intimated, with his usual quiet, provoking smile, that he knew the driver of the *fiacre*, who was a very steady man, and to be trusted. We accordingly got into the lumbering vehicle, which, after several peripatetic lurches and plunges, started at the rate of nearly two miles an hour, a pace that, as my mind was on wings, was aggravating enough. Those two ingenious gentlemen, Victor and Adolphe, were somehow distributed on the coach-box, but not even did their highly precarious situation restrain them from an occasional stretch round, to persuade them that I was still actually side by side with M. Gaillard.

I had been so wrapped in my own meditations, that I had not noticed whether my *cicerone* had given the word, on entering the *fiacre* l'opéra, or "au diable," but I was now roused from my reverie by a sudden jerk, which announced that we had arrived at a full stop. On looking out, I perceived that we were before a dark, gloomy looking building, in a narrow street, the name of which I was unable to glean in any direction. It was not a prison evidently, nor was it, as assuredly, an hotel. It was a sort of compromise between the two, where flowers and iron bars formed a peculiar contrast, suggesting a timely reflection or two upon the instability of human life. There was no time, however, for similar thoughts, for Victor and Adolphe were inviting me, with many a bow, to descend, and Gaillard, with his hand laid affectionately on my shoulder, was seconding their entreaties. Confound those Frenchmen! They are so dreadfully polite, they pick your pocket with an "excuse," and cut your throat with a "pardon." They appear to have heard or read somewhere that "manners make the man," and they accordingly seem content to sacrifice every other pleasing attribute in favour of the axiom. We entered upon a small *porte-cochère*, and mounted a narrow, ill-ventilated stair case to the right, leading to a suite of rooms, the door of one of which Gaillard pushed open with an "Ouf!", and asked me into a comfortable apartment, with a single chair and a clock, into the former in which I threw myself, under the pressure of a feeling of utter exhaustion.

"Permit me to welcome you to my house," said Gaillard, with an air of pride, which I suppose was natural, but which, considering the misery by which we appeared to be surrounded, I confess I could not readily explain.

"M. Gaillard," I said, "you will excuse my being so importunate, but I am anxious to ask you by what right you exercise this authority over me,—how you have dared to arrest an innocent man,—drag him hither at such a moment, and now mew him up in an atmosphere which is close and unpleasant to a degree? You have said that you are acting under the orders of M. Hertz. I can but repeat that that individual has no claim upon me whatever,—that it must be some extravagant misconception,—and that, unless you instantly release me, you and your client (as you are pleased to call him) must prepare for some tolerably severe reprisals."

"My dear sir," he replied, "you are too hasty; you have rightly interpreted my position in everything save the degree of doubt which you would appear to throw over the legitimacy of my proceedings. But let that pass. M. Hertz is an honourable man. He has instructed me,—so far from sending you to prison,—to allow you the greatest freedom that you can safely enjoy. He is amply satisfied with the idea that your person is under his control, and that you are in such a position as will not expose you to the temptation of adding to the little obligation under which you stand at present towards him. Really, you are in a most fortunate situation."

M. Gaillard turned his back upon me, and was fitting a key to the lock of the door, as he hummed an air from the last opera.

"At least," I continued, "you will allow me to communicate with my friends; a step that I should have taken much earlier;" and I scratched upon a leaf of my tablets a few hasty lines to Vanille, which I requested might be forwarded to him without loss of time. As his eye fell upon the direction, Gaillard uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, and then remained standing, with the note poised between his finger and thumb, and every feature of his face distorted into a grin of extraordinary intelligence.

"Pray do not let my presence operate as a check upon your curiosity," I cried. "If you have the slightest desire to peruse the contents do not confine yourself to examining the directions. There is nothing in them of peculiar importance that I should wish to conceal, and, at the same time, but little that it would interest you to read. Although your name is introduced very prominently, it is in no particularly favourable light."

"You are a clever dog!" he simply said, as he resumed his official gravity.

"Be good enough to explain your meaning."

"In the first place. I meet you, and, from the description of your dress, with which M. Hertz had furnished had no difficulty in recognizing you. Now you think to gull me, by a pencil note, into the belief that you are not M. le Comte de Vanille."

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Stop; I see it all. Oh! Hertz, Hertz, what have you not done! I assure you that you mistake. I swear to you that I am not the Comte de Vanille. My name is Vernon—Percy Vernon. You must be aware that I cannot be a countryman of yours. Nay, recollect yourself; have you heard any one address me by the name of Vanille?"

"No, nor by that of Vernon."

"True: but the dress,—I can explain it most satisfactorily. That fellow Hertz,—that very fellow who, you say, has authorised you to arrest me, was ordered by me to make my wedding-suit; he neglected to send it home, and I waited for it so long, that, in the idea of the moment, I borrowed the dress of my friend, M. le Vanille, which, it appears, has been the cause of this misunderstanding. Are you satisfied?"

"Very far from it, my friend: you have told your story very well, but it will not do. Do you think yourself that it sounds in the least degree likely? Take the advice of an old hand in these matters: be content with the fact as it

stands; but don't try to make it better by a lie. It's a bad business, and you can't improve it. But who is this? It is your valet, who can take this note, if indeed such a person as the Comte de Vanille is actually in existence."

As he spoke, Vanille rushed into the room, kissed both my cheeks, and (what I infinitely preferred) shook both my hands warmly. Gaillard was evidently surprised; but he looked on with a curiously doubtful expression of countenance.

"My dear Vernon," he said, "at last I have found you. I tracked your *fiancée* until I met, (as ill luck would have it,) that wretched Hertz, and I was obliged to dodge into a shop and shirk him; when I again emerged you were out of sight. However, it struck me that it was possible that M. Gaillard had carried you off to his own delightful residence. I have heard much of his hospitality, although, until the present moment, I have never profited by it. However," he added mournfully, "I am now in a fair way to make the experiment of its charms, as you must be, by this time, aware that I am, and not you, the object of M. Gaillard's researches. You will forgive my deserting you just now; but I wanted to make a final appeal to the credit of my banker, before surrendering myself; and I hoped that you would be able to battle it out until I returned. However, what they do with my money is mystery to me—I shall remove my account to Lafitte, for they always return me the same parrot answer—'No effects.'"

"My dear Vanille, do not distress yourself by any pecuniary calculations just at present. I will take care that M. Hertz gets his due in more respects than one. If I might hope to make you smile, it would be by telling you that M. Gaillard is irrevocably impressed with the idea that I am the veritable *Dromio*, and you my valet. After that degradation will you not be prepared to go to the *Conciergerie* itself? or has M. Gaillard seen fit to modify his opinion?"

"Upon my word, I scarcely know what to say," replied the functionary, "but here comes, fortunately, M. Hertz himself. It is to be hoped that he will be better acquainted with your faces, than he has proved himself to be with your styles of dress."

The detestable little creature forced his way at that minute into the room in a state of frenzied agitation, and, it must be added, in a fearful heat also. Tremulously dabbing the crown of his bald unctuous head with a coloured bandana, which, in his nervous haste, he had worked up into a miraculously small ball; he rushed up to me, and assailed me with a volley of excuses and apologies. He had only just heard of my unintended capture, invoked every curse upon his own unlucky head, and deeply deplored a mistake which would most justly entitle him to lose the custom of M. Vernon, who had ever paid most regularly (a cutting glance at Vanille), and whose figure really did his art justice. What could he make for me?"

"Make for me! On the contrary, I insist that, as a trifling expiation, you forego every claim against the Comte de Vanille. Not that it can be any amends to my friend for the extreme impertinence of which you have been guilty in daring to make M. Gaillard a referee in the matter."

"Indeed, M. Vernon," whined the obsequious snip, "I am deeply grieved that I should have been guilty of such an act. I confess that I was acting under the influence of momentary excitement. The fact is, that I met M. le Comte last night at the Opera Comique, and made a foolish bet with a friend that Monsieur would bow to me. Such did not, however, prove to be the case, and, in a fit of passion, I hurried the next morning to M. Gaillard, and gave him certain instructions, together with an accurate description of M. le Comte's dress, which I happened to know he would wear upon the occasion of a wedding, at which he was to be present. I did not know it was to be your wedding, M. Vernon. I trust, that you will now forget it."

"We will see about it, M. Hertz," I replied; "but you have been the sole cause of all this *contre-temps* by neglecting to fulfil your promise of sending the clothes I ordered of you home to me yesterday. Do us the favour to summon *acabriolet*, M. Hertz. Good day, M. Gaillard."

"*Au revoir, Messieurs*," mechanically replied our late Mentor, with a sentimental look.

We now hastened to Vanille's dwelling to perform my promise. We soon arrived there.

"*A la bonne heure, mon cher*," he cried "let me now congratulate you. Upon my word you looked monstrosously well. Hertz is a tailor. My good fellow," he added, as he completed his transformation, "how very inconsiderate of you; you have been buttoning my coat!"

In a short time we were *en route* for the Rue de Rivoli, where Isabella lived. Vanille was in high spirits. A Frenchman is like a boa-constrictor; rob him of his clothing, which may not inaptly be designated his skin, and his energies are gone—he is morally defunct.

"And now, my dear Vanille," I said, as we were hurrying on, "I must insist upon your accepting the ten thousand francs, to which M. Hertz has been obstinate enough to lay claim. I do not make a point of you paying them over to him, for I really do not think he deserves it at the hands of so good a customer as yourself. But see, my good fellow, whether you cannot make twelve coats a year do instead of twice that number."

We had arrived at Rue de Rivoli. The carriage was still waiting ready packed. We sprang up stairs, Isabella was straining her eyes out of the window, dressed for travelling. Mrs. Beaumont was beating the tattoo with her foot, and glancing uneasily at the clock. Gertrude, the youngest daughter, was seated in a corner very grave; but she looked up brightly enough as she perceived Vanille following upon my heels.

At length we all adjourned to the breakfast room. For the first ten minutes everything was of course clatter, squeeze and bustle. The party were chiefly French, and we all know that our vivacious neighbours can make a noise with their tongues if they please. And then the crowding! Everybody seemed pertinaciously to choose the most inconvenient spot, just in proportion as each appeared anxious to select for some particular friend a more desirable situation at table. At last the noise subsided: knives and forks were plied with a more measured stroke. I felt my forehead grow hot, and my hands cold, as the time inevitably approached for drinking the health of Isabella and myself. I tried to laugh and talk as if no such thing was about to happen, but it would not do. Up got my vivacious little friend, and, in a speech which alternately shook the sides and moistened the eyes of his auditors, proposed as a toast, "Health and long life to the Bride and the Bridegroom!" They tell me that I returned thanks, and that I made a very neat speech. It may be so: I have simply the recollection of having felt superlatively ridiculous.

The hour of departure came, and I was assisting Isabella into the carriage, when Antoine approached and whispered in my ear with ill disguised satisfaction. "We have got them at last, Monsieur, they are in that imperial over your head."

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS AT THE BICETRE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The means of educating the juvenile idiots at the Bicetre, as formerly mentioned, consists of a variety of exercises likely to arouse the dormant capacities of the pupils. Some of the exercises not already described, consisted of marching in various figures, as arranged by small ornamented flags. These evolutions seemed to impart much pleasure.

The next series of exercises though less attractive as a spectacle, were probably equally useful, if not more so, as a means of exciting attention and compliance with the particular directions of the instructor. At his request each pupil held up first the right hand then the left, then both hands. Subsequently the right hand was ordered to be pointed to the right side, and then to the left; the same also with the left hand: the corresponding leg and arm were now required to be advanced, then those of the opposite side; and lastly they were desired to kneel and rise again at the word of command. They then embraced each other, and remained standing in an easy and graceful posture, producing an appearance of mutual good will and friendship.

Indeed it is more than probable that the mere assumption of such attitudes may become the means of exciting some share of public feeling and attachment between the different members of this singular community. These various positions, and motions of the limbs, were simultaneously performed by the whole of the pupils, at the instant the order issued from their preceptor.

A large mat was now unrolled, and placed in the centre of the room, when various gymnastic exercises were entered upon by several couples. At this time it was especially gratifying to witness the amount of observation and attention excited in the bystanders, as was manifested by their hearty laughter, whenever a failure or accident happened. As only a few could be engaged in these gymnastics, the rest were left to their own discretion, and in a little while they became distributed in various parts of the room; the majority however, remained watching those at play, others loitered near the musicians, touching, with simple curiosity, the various instruments which had performed an important part in leading and guiding their feeble and wandering faculties. Before entering on the next series of instructions, it was desirable that the whole should assume an orderly demeanor, and they were accordingly required to arrange themselves, and prepare to march round the room. Having done this once or twice they were ordered to halt before the seats placed ready for them; then desired to be seated; each taking his place at once, and all seeming ready to attend to their next lesson.

Several pieces of wood, cut in the shape of different geometrical figures were now brought into the room. These were placed in the hands of different pupils, who named with much readiness the various forms—as round, square, oval, oblong, &c.

In order to exercise the aid of touch without the aid of sight, a bandage was placed over the eyes of one or two, and the different pieces were put into their hands, when each of them passed his fingers along the edges, and when satisfied with the examination, named the form of the respective portions. In doing this, no error was committed. The utterance was of course imperfect; but although the words were pronounced in what to the visitors was a foreign tongue, no difficulty was felt by the other pupils in distinguishing what was said.

A large black board was now brought forward and placed on a rest. One or two of the more proficient were desired by Mr. Valee to draw upon it first a horizontal, then a perpendicular line, and afterwards to describe a circle, square, and hexagon. Words also were well and readily written in a good round legible hand.

The same feebleness and uncertainty of grasp, arising from an imperfect power over the fingers, was again observable, but the writing was fairly executed, and the figures correctly described. They were slowly done, it is true, but still they were well done.

remarking that the compasses used in describing the mathematical diagrams has a moveable hinge, I was surprised to observe that although there was so much apparent unsteadiness of muscle, yet such a degree of adjusting power over the motions of the fingers has been acquired, that the various points necessary to form the different figures were marked on the board without causing the least variation in the limbs of the instrument.

One of the more elderly of the pupils, but one who in England would be called a hopeless idiot, was now brought forward. His whole appearance and expression previous to the moment when he was desired to approach the table, were indicative of an utterly hopeless, mindless object. Being raised on a seat, a set of dominoes were placed before him, the sight of which caused evident signs of pleasure, and he proceeded to make preparations to enter on the game. Although having a perfect control over his hands, he selected from the set the required number, arranged them, and played a game with his instructor. This was done deliberately, but without any faltering or inaccuracy; and during the progress of the game he showed signs of satisfaction or discomfiture, according to his success or otherwise.

The efforts to overcome the congenital imperfections in this poor fellow were strikingly successful; and it is not improbable that, had they been undertaken at an earlier period of his life, a capacity of standing in the erect position and walking might possibly have been obtained. In addition to other educational exercises, patient and continual efforts had been made to create in him a power over the various muscles constituting the organ of voice. Although only capable of slow, imperfect, and irregular utterance, he named the various letters of a word placed before him, first dividing them into syllables, and then pronouncing the word. I subsequently saw him at a later part of the day, seated in the workroom amongst his fellows, usefully employed in making very excellent list slippers. As I approached his bench, he evidently showed signs of recognition, and seemed pleased at the notice taken of his work. He handed me several pairs of slippers which he had finished, then showed the one he was engaged with, entered on his work again, and looking up from time to time as he proceeded with it, evinced the pleasure he felt in his employment, and the gratification he experienced in finding that it interested and met the approval of others.

The attention of the pupils assembled round a table was now directed to a large sheet of paper on which was painted every variety of color. These tints were disposed in a confused manner, so as to prevent the liability which might otherwise arise of mere rote work, or the utterance, from habit, of consecutive words without comprehending their meaning. In this, as in all the other educational arrangements, the attention of the pupil was first directed to the simple and the more striking parts. On this occasion, consequently, the primitive colors were first named, and last the more compound, between which the shades of distinction are less marked. The perfection to which the sense of sight, the power of discriminating nice differences of color, and of remembering and utter-

ing their respective names was brought, in some of the pupils, was utterly surprising.

Several examinations in the names of objects were now undertaken, such as the various articles of dress and pieces of furniture. Following these the number of days in the week and months in the year were given: then the names of each day and month, as well as the seasons of the year. The replies to these questions, relating to the names of objects, and periods of time, were quickly, and readily given; and, had I not already witnessed so many evidences of the excellent system of training, of which these poor fellows have had the advantage, I should have been inclined to doubt whether a proper comprehension of their meanings was attached to the several words they uttered. I had, however, sufficient reason to believe, that, to a limited extent, at least, they understood what was meant, when they gave answers to the questions proposed.

Instructions, as to the relations of objects to each other, were now entered on. A small box being placed on the table, one of the youths, at the request of the master, first named the different parts of it—top, side, bottom, &c.; and subsequently the relation of objects as respects position in regard to it. For instance, when anything was placed upon it, the word 'sur' was given, and so also 'sans,' 'dedans,' &c. according as the little object was put in these various situations in relation to the box.

Here was an evident advance on the other exercises, showing an increased capacity of comprehension. The simple, natural, and easy way in which such knowledge was communicated, was at once strikingly applicable, and was also admirably calculated to excite the mental faculties, by extending the limited range of comprehension bestowed on these unfortunates.

A model clock was now brought out. It was constructed so, that the relative position of the fingers could be altered at pleasure. Under the direction of the tutor, the different hours of the day were indicated, as well as the fractional parts of an hour. The face of the clock, thus varied, was presented to several pupils, when the time was correctly and exactly stated by each. During the progress of these examinations, several of the boys advanced from the main body who had remained seated around the room. The few who thus left their fellows, gathered round the table, and seemed to take interest as well as pleasure in the proficiency manifested by their brethren. Every now and then they approached the place where I was seated, and looked up inquiringly, as if desirous to know what I thought of their proceedings. That they were capable of entertaining such feelings, was made evident by several simple occurrences excited by passing events during my stay among them.

Some amount of interest in each other was also shown, and the extent to which care was exercised by the improved over the more ignorant and wayward was undoubted. I was particularly struck one one occasion by the manner in which an elder boy led back to the seat his younger and more restless companion, in whom that system of education had not yet produced that power of self-control which most of the boys had attained.

The youth who rendered this service to his neighbor had attracted my notice when I first entered the room. He presented every appearance of an idiot of the most hopeless class to such a degree, that I singled him out as one worthy of particular observation, with the view of ascertaining how far the functions of an intelligent being could be imparted to one apparently so forlorn. I may here mention, that, at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, this same boy advanced to the table, and appeared to take an interest in what was going forward. Observing a small note book I held in my hands, he took it up, opened it, and after turning over a few leaves returned it to me, as if his curiosity was satisfied.

The mode of communicating ideas of numbers, and of their corresponding signs (figures), was as simple and successful as the methods adopted of imparting a knowledge of the properties and positions of objects. The result of their tasks in this department showed how applicable such a system was to their feeble understanding. Several circular pieces of ivory were first placed on the table, and then divided into two unequal proportions, so as to communicate the idea of quantity by requiring the pupils to say which was the smaller and which the larger portion.

A certain number were then placed together, say three or four, and the question was asked—How many are there? The answer being given, the attention of the pupil was directed immediately to a board on which were painted the figures, and opposite to each figure a corresponding number of circular spots of the same sizes as the pieces of ivory. He here saw the figure placed opposite the number of pieces before him, and the idea of number was produced: thus several sums in addition and subtraction were now undertaken, and in the execution of these, the board was sometimes used as a means of fixing attention and assisting the memory. The more proficient, however, readily replied to the various questions put to them without calling into operation the aid of the sense of sight. They answered correctly, and without hesitation, such questions as—How much do 6 and 8 make? Take 3 from 9, and how many remain?

I was particularly struck with the burst of feeling produced in one of the junior pupils when foiled in the performance of his task. He was seated at the table on which were laid the pieces of ivory. These were first divided into two equal portions, and he was requested to point out the greater and smaller set. Three of the circles were then given to him, and he was desired to take from the others an equal number. Having performed these tasks, an even number were placed before him, with the request that he would divide them into two equal portions; this he proceeded to do by taking out very slowly and carefully the half of the number. An uneven number, consisting of nine pieces, was now given him with a like request: this he tried to comply with as before, by separating four on each side; he then hesitated, re-examined his numbers, seemed perplexed, and at length finding, after a little pause, that he could not perform what was required of him, he burst into tears, and showed by the difficulty which was experienced in assuaging his grief, how deeply he was capable of feeling both disappointment and vexation at his supposed inefficacy. This little incident told plainly of an important influence brought into operation. It explained how much could be done by acting on the *amour propre*. The grief at discomfiture, as well as the pleasure excited by success, showed that this power was used as a key to unlock dormant faculties, and to open the portals of intelligence.

My attention was now directed to a youth in whom the greatest difficulty had been, and was still experienced, in preventing a wandering and irregular action of the mind. Ideas of numbers, and a capability of counting, had been imparted to him; but unless his attention could be fixed by a simultaneous exercise of some of his senses, or by muscular movements, it was found difficult to induce him to advance from one number to another. Thus, when he was desired to count 1, 2, 3, &c, his eyes were bandaged, a triangle was held before him, and struck at regular intervals of time, so as to lead him on from one number to the next at each beat of the triangle. A ladder being placed against the wall, he

was desired to mount it, and count at the same time: this he did regularly and slowly, naming an advancing number at each step he took. Other gymnastic exercises, I was told, had been employed with a view of fixing attention, and producing a more regular succession of ideas. The ingenuity and aptness of the means used in this particular case, speak eloquently of the spirit in which the work of regenerating these, all but mindless, fellow-creatures is undertaken.

The series of exercises in the school room was terminated by the construction of words, and the addition of figures, by means of letters and figures cut out and fixed on small portions of wood. A word or a number being given by the master, the pupil proceeded to select the letters or figures, and place them in the order indicated in the word or number. This lesson was executed with the same accuracy which had characterised the various proceedings which it was my good fortune to witness in the schoolroom at Bicetre, and which served to excite within me a deep feeling of thankfulness for the opportunity I had enjoyed of becoming practically acquainted with the system in operation. As each successive and advancing demonstration was made before me of the extent to which the senses and faculties of these idiots had been educated, I could not avoid feeling a corresponding increase of the delight I at the first moment experienced in witnessing a sight so intensely interesting and important.

THE TRULY GREAT.

"If I were asked which of the distinguished characters of whom I have read, I would rather be, I should unhesitatingly say Alexander the Great," was the exclamation of Francis Worthington, as he laid down a volume of Grecian history, with a mind full of admiration of that renowned hero of antiquity.

"Your choice would be far from a happy one, my dear Frank," his father quietly observed.

"Not a happy one, papa! What, should you not like to be the parent of an Alexander?"

"No, my boy—I have no such ambition; I would rather be the father of Frank Worthington."

"You are surely jesting, papa? I cannot but think that you would like to see your son become as great."

"I was never more in earnest, Frank; and, if you seriously consider the subject, I think that you will allow that I am right. Alexander has, by general consent, been termed *great*; but now inform me, if you can, of what his greatness consisted?"

"Can you ask, papa, when he achieved such mighty conquests?"

"He did achieve mighty conquests; but tell me to what beneficial results those conquests led?" Francis looked a little puzzled at the question and remained silent. "He extended his power," Mr. Worthington resumed; "but that power was not exercised in ameliorating the condition or raising the character of the nations he subdued. He caused the blood of thousands to be shed, and spread ruin and desolation where peace and plenty had formerly dwelt."

"But great military achievements have always these attendant evils," the youth interposed.

"And should they not on that account be deplored?" his father asked. Francis was again at a loss to reply. "When wars are wholly defensive, and are engaged in for the purpose of protecting the rights and liberties of one's country, they are not only justifiable but praise worthy; but such were not the wars of your favorite hero. He was instigated alone by ambition—the ambition to be styled the Conqueror."

"He was ambitious, certainly; but then his generosity was unbounded: surely generosity constitutes greatness, papa?"

"No, Frank, I cannot yield even that point. Generosity is indeed essential to true greatness; but it must be such generosity as Howard evinced when he performed his errand of philanthropy. The generosity of a Jenner, who, at a noble self sacrifice, forbore to keep that knowledge secret which, when known, conferred inestimable benefits on his species: not the prodigality of an Alexander, who lavished ill-gotten treasures on unworthy objects of favor."

"Oh, papa, you speak very contemptuously of my hero. I thought everybody admired Alexander, and deemed him deserving the title he has always borne of the *Great*."

"Such exploits as Alexander performed were likely to be admired in the rude ages, when it was universally acknowledged that military achievements conferred the highest possible glory on a nation; but in these enlightened days, such actions are seen in their true colors, and weighed in the balance of justice and morality."

"But he was a heathen, papa, and on that account we ought not to expect the same from him as from the great men you have mentioned, who were brought up in the principles of Christianity."

"True, my son, we must not look for Christian virtues in a heathen prince; yet as you hold him up as a demi-god, my object is to prove that he was possessed of vices which are altogether incompatible with true greatness. In the first place, his inordinate ambition led him to the practice of deception; for, not satiated with human honors, he sought to impose on the credulous, by pretending that he was a descendant of Jupiter. You may remember, Frank, that the wise man of old has said that 'greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city; yet your Alexander was so wanting in self government, that he slew his friend with his own hand in a fit of passion, only because he depreciated his achievements; then his death is generally supposed to have been caused by intemperance.'

"Ah, papa, you are exhibiting the blemishes of my hero; I was looking only at his shining qualities."

"Such a course would, in some cases, be proper, being consistent with Christian charity," his father observed; "but in perusing the pages of history, it will be injurious to the mind of youth to form a wrong estimate of the character it presents to the view. Vice should be seen in its true aspects, and not through the medium of the shining qualities of which you speak: lest, whilst the young are admiring and imitating such striking virtues as courage and generosity, they are led to approve of, and even to commit, cruelty, injustice, and oppression."

"Then, papa, I infer, from what you say, that greatness really consists in goodness?"

"Not exactly so, my dear boy; for there may be goodness without greatness, although greatness cannot exist without goodness. For instance, an individual may possess many excellent qualities, and yet be wanting in that strength of character, which is a concomitant of greatness. Those milder virtues which make a man appear amiable in the every day concerns of life may be designated goodness; whereas greatness exhibits loftier qualities, such as moral courage

in cases of difficulty—fortitude in adverse circumstances—the exercise of strict justice, however opposed to self justice—fornearance under injuries—a self-sacrificing spirit, evinced where that sacrifice would benefit others, or promote an important end—the pursuance of honorable independence, even if it should lead in a humble path—the possession of a mind above the influence of prejudice—following the dictates of conscience, irrespective of the world's censure or applause. Those virtues, my son, are more deserving of imitation than the military achievements, and prodigal disregard of wealth, which your hero displayed; and, it is only when they are united, with the milder graces of which I have spoke, that the character becomes worthy of being denominated truly great."

IT'S NOT FAIR.

The following piece of drollery is extracted from 'The Bainsla Foaks' an' Fogmoor Olmenack, for 1847, be Tom Treddlehoyle, Esq'—an almanac in one of the provincial dialects of England, and therefore a curiosity in its way:—

It's not fair for a chap to cry "cockles alive," when at the same time he naws there all dead.

It's not fair, when onny boddy goaze to a groacer's shop to bye coffee, and they gie em it hauf chickory or mahogany sawdust.

It's not fair, when you goa for a stoan a flaar at hauf a craan, an they gie yo that at two and tuppance.

It's not fair, when you goa for hauf an ounce a bacca, an thay weigh't paper we it.

It's not fair for a chap at sells milk, to goa tut pump before he goaze tut cah.

It's not fair when a woman goaze to buy a bit a tea, te hev sloe leaves an black-lead amang it.

It's not fair for a dressmacker to put folks off, be sayin at thave sum mourmin cum in, when at same time thave nowt at so rt.

It's not fair, when a bairn goaze tut public-hause for a penarth a yist, an't landlord or't landlady tells it they hev noan ta spare, cos it farther duzant goa an drink thear.

It's not fair for a chap at macks hats, ta print or write "waterproof" it insides on em, when at same time he naws at thale run like a riddle.

It's not fair for a womman at goaze ta bye butter, ta scraye abit we hur thumb-nail off a ivvery hauf pound homast at thear iz it market.

It's not fair for gentlefoaks, when they want a job doing, to hurry it be sayin at thave sum company cummin, when at same time thay nowt at soart.

It's not fair for a chap at's ridein in a railway carriage, ta hev't windaz hop-and and shut just as heeze a mind.

It's not fair for a womman ta goa into a linen-draper's shop, an, after looking an tummalin ivverything over at thear iz it plaice nearly, goa aught wethaught beyein owt.

It's not fair for a chap ta hoist hiz umbrella aghside a coach on a rainy day, an spaaght water into uther foak's neck hoyles.

It's not fair for a docktor to goa tut church or chappill, and leave word for him ta be fetch't aight it middle at sarvice, when he naws he izant wanted.

It's not fair when a man or womman leaves a company, for them ats left ta backbite abaght am.

It's not fair when you go into a barber's shop to be shaived, to hev yer noaze hoyles stopt up we lather, or hev yer chin cut.

It's not fair ta bid onny body a good mornin, an at same time not mean it.

It's not fair for a tailor allas ta want as much cloath for a little man as he daz for a big un.'

A lady suggests to us that there is one 'It's not fair' omitted, and she requests us to supply it.

It's not fair, when you buy a reel of cotton, to find that, except a little thread on the outside, all the rest is wood.

THE DOG OF BRUSSELS.

Does the reader love dogs? If he does not, let him skip this article, for with the dog-hater I have no sympathy. But to some one, methinks, the question will bring back the remembrance of his own faithful Dash, whose delight on the first important day of partridge-shooting was not less evident than that of his master. Or perhaps some single gentleman, who would yet be far from willing to class himself among the fraternity of old bachelors, will give a kindly glance at the little rough wire-haired Scotch terrier, his constant companion by night and day. A mother, too, may look with kindness at the old Blenheim spaniel, which averse to the caresses of strangers, and discouraging too great familiarity from the seniors of the family, will patiently endure the closest hugging from her baby boy, and return with gentlest love the somewhat rough and teasing fondness of the elder urchins. How well does she remember the day when her wild rosy-cheeked Frank, emancipated from the control of his teacher, whom he somewhat disrespectfully designated a "she-governess," in all the independent manliness of his eighth summer and first cloth jacket, ran down to the river to fish for minnows. His only companion was the brave Newfoundland, which sat gravely on the bank, watching with philosophic eye the progress of his young master's sport. Suddenly the boy leant over the bank, the treacherous sod gave way, and the bright curly head was plunged beneath the waters. It was but for a moment: for when the terrified herdsman, whom the child's wild scream had drawn to the spot, came up, he saw the boy's dress tightly grasped in Neptune's powerful jaws, and the dog's massive fore-feet firmly planted on the bank, where his master's child was soon laid in safety. Poor Neptune is now old and feeble; the most he can do is to crawl on a fine day from his nook near the kitchen fire to the sunny spot before the hall-door. There he lies, certain that his mistress and her daughters will never pass him by without bestowing a gentle pat on his head, and a bit of soft cake, which he can still masticate. But when the midsummer holidays come, and the fine tall lad, who is to enter college "next half," bounds towards the door, then the poor old fellow rises with unwonted alacrity, and something like the sparkle of former days gleams in his dim gray eye as he meets and returns the caresses of his dear young master Frank.

But let me come, without further preface, to a true anecdote with which I became acquainted during a visit to Brussels in the year 1837.

After visiting many of the interesting objects which that pleasant capital offers to the notice of strangers, my companion and I turned our steps towards the Chamber of Deputies. The building is extensive, and occupies

three sides of a square, the fourth being open towards the parks. There is a large smooth court in front, which forms a pleasant promenade; but in one corner of it, and somewhat marring the stateliness of the scene, I noticed a common little wooden dog-kennel, which I supposed to belong to a watch-dog. Humble was the little tenement, it was connected with an incident, of which I had the following history from my loquacious conductor. "Here," she said, "in this place was the fiercest fighting in the revolution of 1830; for several days after the battle the ground was red with French and Belgian blood."

Just then a shaggy-looking dog, somewhat resembling a large terrier, but, as I thought an ugly specimen of his race, walked slowly towards us. He looked good-natured, and I stopped to pat him.

"Ay," said the old woman, "madam may caress him now with safety, as he is not on the spot."

"What spot?" I inquired; and in reply she told me the following anecdote:—

"In the revolutionary army that assembled to oppose the Dutch, who invaded our city in the month of September, 1830, was a young French officer, who, wherever he went, was followed by the dog you see. The poor lad was in the thickest of the fighting on the fatal 21st, and fell, covered with wounds, on a spot which I will show you."

She led me towards the centre of the court, but the dog went before, and lay down near a smooth stone, looking up at us with an expression of fierce defiance in his eyes.

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the old lady, "we're not going to disturb you. Don't go near him, madame, while he's there. This was the spot where his master's dead body lay, and he sat beside it, licking the bleeding wounds. At length it was removed for burial, but the dog followed it, and stayed for three days beside the grave. At the end of that time he returned here, and lay down where you see him now, growling savagely, and attacking any one who tried to dislodge him. Some of the people about beat him with sticks, and drove him away; the next day he returned, but was again cruelly hunted off. When he came back for a third time, he was worn to a skeleton from fatigue and hunger, and looked as if he would never rise again from his master's death-place. My husband and I had gone away for awhile, or we would not have suffered the creature to be ill-treated; but one of the directors, who is a very humane man, chanced to pass by just as a rabble of boys were preparing once more to torture the poor faithful dog. He immediately dispersed them, and having inquired into the circumstances connected with the animal, he ordered that he should never be molested; that the kennel which you see should be built for him; and procured a small sum to be allowed weekly for his maintenance. He soon recovered his strength, and you may see by his appearance that he is taken care of. Indeed he is well known in the town; and the little masters and misses that play in the park delight in bringing him sweet cakes, of which he is very fond. However, they know very well that although he is as gentle as a lamb while he is walking up and down, they must never attempt to touch him when he is lying on his chosen spot, from which, indeed, he never stirs in any direction farther than about a hundred yards. Many of his young friends have tried to entice him to a greater distance; and we have sometimes allowed him to be hungry, and then coaxed him on with his most favorite food; but in vain. He always turned back, and lay down where his master fell. Seven years have now passed away, but it is still the same; the dumb creature never forgets."

During my stay at Brussels I often walked by the place, and never missed the dog from his accustomed haunt, nor saw him pass the self-imposed limits mentioned by the good woman. Her story was confirmed to me by others, so that I can see no reason to doubt its truth. I do not know the name of the dog of Brussels; his faithful limbs have no doubt long ere now mingled with the dust, but memory often recalls the story of his enduring love.

Perchance the tidings of his young master's fall brought darkness to the chambers of some vine-covered cottage of France—robbed fair faces of their smiles, and covered graceful forms with the garb of woe. They wept and lamented; but a year passed over, and the brothers and sisters laughed and conversed as before. The vacant place of the dead was no longer heeded, and his name had become an unspoken word. Another year, and his fair affianced one had consented to become another's bride. No tear in that bright eye, no shadow on that smooth brow, now told that even one sorrowing thought ever turned towards his lonely grave.

Years still passed on, and even in the widowed mother's heart the memory of her soldier boy waxed dim.

She did not forget him quite, and often some trifling object or event would serve to renew her grief. But at other times she could sit and smile, pleased and contented, as though that sharp sorrow of bereavement had never been felt. The brothers and sisters had each other still—the fair betrothed had another love—the mother had many sons—the dog had but one master. Fond and faithful to the end, with constancy that knew no change, that dumb creature's cold vigils on the stone at Brussels put evermore to shame our vaunted human love.

JOSE JUAN, THE PEARL DIVER.

A few years before the states of South America threw off the Spanish yoke, I was staying one hot summer at San Blas, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of California. It was then the entrepot of the flourishing commerce of Spain with the islands of the Southern Ocean, with China, and the East. A busy population filled the streets, and ships from all parts of the world crowded the roadstead; on the border of which there now remain but the ruins of arsenals and dockyards. San Blas retains only the remembrance of her former activity and her picturesque situation.

So stifling was the heat of the city, aggravated by the myriads of mosquitos that infested the air, that I was glad to escape on an errand of business to a place some distance up the coast; and engaged a passage on board the galliot Guadalupe, a small vessel of fifty-eight tons burden. The captain desired me to take a lodging near the shore, as he might have to sail unexpectedly, and could not afford to lose time. After waiting three days, a canoe was sent for me to the landing-place, and in a few minutes I stepped on board. The deck was covered with heaps of the enormous and savoury onions for which San Blas is celebrated, mingled with gourds and bananas. This collection of fruits and vegetables formed, with my trunk, nearly the whole of the cargo. Our preparations were soon made, the onions were stowed away in the three canoes which we carried, the clustering bananas were hung up like long fringes on the starboard and larboard bulwarks, and then the vessel was abandoned to the discretion of the winds and the waves.

The crew was less singularly composed than the cargo. Our Catalanian

captain, Don Ramon Pauquiot, had under his orders a French sailor, deserter from a whaler ship; a Mexican, who pretended to act as second mate; a Kanaka, or native of the Sandwich Islands; a Chinese, alike unwilling to cook or to work; and lastly, two young Indians, from one of the tribes in the interior of the country, in the capacity of cabin-boys. The captain, when he was not quarrelling with his sailors, passed his time in pacing up and down the deck smoking and examining his store of gourds and onions. The Frenchman took upon himself the office of steering, and looked with contempt on all other persons in the vessel. The Mexican lay idle all day long in one of the canoes, strumming upon a guitar, and affecting to be highly indignant if the captain presumed to give him any orders. The Chinese, pretending to be busy either with cooking or the ordinary ship's duty, did neither one nor the other. The Kanaka was the only one who really worked; he cooked the rice, bananas, and *cecina* or dried meat, which alone constituted our fare.

We had been out fifteen days, and were yet far from our port: the water purified in our casks under the burning rays of a vertical sun; the *cecina* and rice were unendurable; when one evening, as the sun was disappearing behind a fog bank on the distant horizon, the Frenchman beckoned to me, and on my obeying the signal, he said, 'Look yonder; we are approaching the Isle of Cerralbo; and behind is that of Espiritu-Santo.'

On my inquiring what we were to think of it, he replied, that although the captain yet considered himself sixty leagues from Pichilingue, we were in reality that distance beyond it, making an error of one hundred and twenty leagues in a voyage of little more than double that length. When the captain was informed of his blunder, he said to me, 'Lucky 'tis no worse, or I should have to keep you longer but never mind, everything is included in the passage-money, and after resting a little at Cerralbo, I will carry you back to Pichilingue.'

By the time we were near the Islands the sun had disappeared; we could just distinguish the huts forming the temporary habitations of the population, when amid loud outcries from the shore, two canoes, with a man in each, one of whom seemed to be pursuing the other, were seen rapidly skimming across the channel which separates the two islands. The attention of our whole company, particularly that of the Indians, who looked on with intense delight, was at once absorbed in the interest of the chase. The captain took his telescope, and after gazing a few minutes, said, turning to me, 'He's lost!'

• Who? I inquired.

• Who? the man yonder in the canoe trying to get away?

• What makes you think so?

• Jose Juan is in pursuit, 'was his answer.

The mention of the name left me no wiser; and considering it useless to trouble the captain with further questions, I continued to watch the canoes. It was evident that the fugitive was trying to gain a little creek among the rocks stretching out from Espiritu-Santo. It was the only place where he could reach the shore. In spite of all his efforts, an adverse eddy prevented his making way, while Juan, who was farther out, rapidly approached to cut him off from his retreat. The man in the foremost canoe, despairing of escape rose to his feet, and when his pursuer was within a few feet of him, plunged into the sea. Juan immediately stood up, and seizing in one hand the line used by pearl divers, leaped in after him. A minute had scarcely elapsed, when a head appeared above the surface of the water; it was that of the fugitive, swimming towards the shore with all the energy of despair. All at once, as though he had been carried down by a whirlpool, he disappeared. A thin white foam, caused by the boiling of little waves above the place where he had sunk, indicated that a struggle was going on below. Was it between Jose and his adversary, or with one of the ferocious sharks which abound on the fishing-grounds? The spectators, however, were reassured by seeing that the foam showed no stains of blood; and soon after two heads appeared—Jose Juan and the fugitive. But it was at once seen that the latter supported himself on the surface of the water by the action of his legs only, for his arms were lashed close to his sides by Juan's cord. This marvellous feat, accomplished under the water, produced a shout of acclamation from every spectator, intermingled with cries of *Viva Jose Juan*.

The rapid approach of night hid the remainder of the scene from our eyes; at the expiration of a few minutes, however, we heard loud lamentations on the shore, accompanied with ironical bursts of laughter, and the confused noise of a struggle between one man and a number of others; after which all was still. We subsequently learned that the fugitive was a diver, who had stolen and swallowed a large pearl; for the losses thus sustained, the leaders or captains of the various parties are responsible. Juan was one of these captains; as usual, when he got his man on shore he made him swallow a dose of turtle-oil, which causing him instantly to vomit, the pearl was recovered.

The morning after our arrival, at the captain's suggestion, I went on shore where I met our Mexican, who communicated to me some particulars of the life of Jose Juan, in whom I began to feel much interested: among others, of his having once attacked and killed a shark, which had devoured a fellow-diver, his intimate friend. I had been at a loss, while walking about among the miserable dwellings, where to apply for a night's lodging; but now my mind was made up at once to go to Juan's hut, and request the owner's hospitality. The diver, who was a *metis*, as those are called born of an Indian father and white mother, received me courteously, and led me to his dwelling, situated some distance beyond the others, almost at the extremity of the Island of Cerralbo. On our entrance, we found his young wife preparing the dinner, which consisted of a turtle, whose lower shell was torn off, simmering in its fat on a fire of glowing embers. I produced a bottle of excellent wine which I had brought with me, and seated on the ground, we enjoyed our meal. Night came on; the stars shone through the open door of the hut; the sea rippled softly on the shore, when, unable longer to restrain my curiosity, I begged Juan to tell me of his adventure with the shark. No sooner had I spoken, than a mortal pallor overspread the features of his wife; she looked with a supplicating glance at her husband, who with an impatient gesture motioned her away. When she disappeared, an expression of savage pride lit up Juan's features; pouring out another glass of wine, he said, 'I never felt more disposed for confidence. You said you would depart to-morrow?'

• To-morrow at daybreak was my answer.

• 'Tis well,' rejoined the diver; 'you shall know my history,' and he rose and beckoned me to follow him. When we were out of the hut, he added, 'The land-breeze blows as usual; and to-morrow by ten o'clock, when it will cease, the Guadalupe will be far away.'

He then seated himself on the bottom of an inverted canoe, and recommenced:—'At the beginning of last year's fishing season there was one man that I met everywhere. Like me, he was a diver; and, like me, pretended to have no family name. He was called Rafael. At the washing, under the water, in all quarters, in fact, we were sure to meet. These frequent opportunities of seeing each other made us very friendly; and the remarkable skill with which

he performed all his avocations inspired me with a great esteem for him. His courage was quite equal to his skill: he had no fear whatever of sharks; he had, he told me, a particular manner of looking at them which intimidated them; he was, in short, an intrepid diver, an excellent worker, and, above all, a merry companion.

This went on very well, until one day a young girl came with her mother to live in the island of Espiritu-Santo. Some business that I had there with one of the dealers gave me the opportunity of seeing her. I became passionately in love; and enjoying a certain reputation, neither she or her mother looked with an unfavourable eye on my pretensions and presents. As soon as our lady's work was over, and every one thought me asleep in my hut, I went across in a canoe to Espiritu-Santo, whence I returned soon after midnight without any one suspecting my absence.

Some days had passed after my first nocturnal excursion, when one morning going to the fishing ground before sunrise, I met one of our old Indian women, who accosted me with the words—'Listen, Jose Juan: I have something to say that concerns you.' She then went on, much to my surprise, to tell me that I had a rival, Rafael, one of our divers, who threatened to do me an injury. That evening I discovered that she spoke truth, and that Rafael was actually swimming in the same direction as myself. All at once a wild cry burst across the waters. There was no mistake; it was Rafael's voice.

Here Juan sighed deeply as he continued—'I knew that Rafael was my enemy, and that he aimed at taking from me her whom I desired to make my wife; I knew likewise that his vengeance was deadly. But this was not a time for me to weigh feelings of selfishness. It was a gloomy night, and a wailing voice came across the waves. Turning my canoe in the direction of the noise, I saw Rafael in the midst of a circle of foam. It struck me as strange that, instead of using his strength to swim towards the canoe, he remained in struggling in one spot. But I soon became aware of the cause: a short distance from him, and a few feet below the surface, shone a phosphoric light, approach slowly nearer and nearer to him. Can you guess what it was?'

• No.

• It was a tintorera, a shark of the most voracious species,' answered Juan, and continued his narration. 'A stroke of my paddle brought me close to Rafael; on seeing me he uttered a cry of joy, but had not strength to speak. With desperate effort he seized the gunwale of the canoe: yet such was his exhaustion, that he could not raise himself from the water. His eyes, though deadened by terror, looked at me with an imploring expression of agony, so intense, that I grasped his two hands in mine, and held them fast. The streak of light under the water came steadily on; for one instant, one brief instant, Rafael ceased to strike out with his legs, a fearful shriek burst from his lips, his eyes, closed, and their hands relaxed his hold. The upper portion of his body fell back into the sea; the shark had cut him in two.'

The diver paused in a struggle of inexpressible emotion. In reply to my inquiry, he said that, had he been a little more collected, he might possibly have saved his companion; his teeth were set, and his voice resembled a hoarse whisper. Recovering himself, however—'I have not yet come to the end,' he said, 'no sooner had Rafael's body disappeared under the water, than I plunged in myself. I had a hundred reasons for so doing. The tintorera, although he had rid me of a rival, became hateful to me, and exasperated me by the brutality with which he had torn poor Rafael to pieces. The honour of the corporation of divers was insulted; I am, you know, one of the captains. Besides once enticed with the taste of human flesh, the monster would have come to attack us next. And how could the alcalde expect me to be responsible for my friend if I had killed the shark that had eaten him?'

I did not go deep, as you may think; having to look above, below, and around me all at once. The waves roared over my head with a noise like distant thunder, but around me all was calm; a dark mass drifted against me; it was the mutilated trunk of Rafael; and I concluded the fish I was looking for could not be far off. In fact, a distant day of light, at first scarcely visible, grew more and more distinct. The tintorera was about the same depth as myself, but gradually slanting upwards. My breath was beginning to fail; I did not wish to give the shark the advantage of being above me. I rose to the surface, it was time; for so swiftly did the monster approach, that his fins brushed my body as he passed; and I could see his dull glassy eyes, and the rags of flesh yet hanging to his jaws, which he smacked together with greedy satisfaction. I snorted rather than breathed when I rose above the water. The shark was close behind me, his silver white belly plainly visible as he turned on his back, at the same time opening his tremendous jaws, bristling with frightful rows of teeth. Darting away in the opposite direction, I buried my dagger in the body of the fish, and cut a gash as far as my arm could reach. The tintorera, wounded to death, dashed upwards with a prodigious bound, and ell back, lashing the water with his tail. Luckily I was out of the way of the blows; but was half drowned before I could get out of the storm of blood stained foam which he raised around me. A minute after, at the sight of my enemy floating motionless and livid upon the water, frothing in the gaping wound, I raised a cry of triumph which was heard on both islands.

Day was breaking as I regained the shore, exhausted by the efforts I had been obliged to make to surmount the fast increasing waves. The fishermen visited their nets; and almost at the same moment that I landed, the remains of Rafael and the body of the shark were drifted on the beach by the tide.

The diver ceased, and appeared lost in profound reflection. After a short silence, he bethought himself of the rites of hospitality. Re-entering the hut he stood for some moments contemplating the beauty of his young wife, who had fallen asleep in the inner apartment, the loosened plait of her long hair stretched to her feet. On the wall, dimly visible by the expiring light of two candles, hung a huge picture, representing souls in purgatory. Hastily turning away, Jose unrolled a Chinese mat in the outer apartment, which was to be my couch for the night. The accommodation on board our ship was no much better; but the narrative to which I had listened prevented me from sleeping, and the first faint streaks of dawn were just visible when the diver's voice spoke close to my ear:—'The breeze still blows, and the Guadalupe is about to lift her anchor.' I immediately rose, and taking leave of my host, returned on Board without delay. The sails were dropped, and yielding to the breeze, our vessel soon left the islands far behind. The next day we dropped anchor in the harbour of Pichilingue.

ANATOMY OF VAGRANCY.

In a recent number, we gave an account of a class of the people destitute of all regular means of living, and yet not necessarily dishonest. We now propose to lay before our readers a general view of the various tribes of more formidable vagabonds, who whether working separately or in concert, devote

themselves to distinct branches of their unrighteous profession. This body of information, we ought say, is mainly the contribution of a gentleman whose official functions have laid open to him peculiar sources of knowledge.

The dishonest classes are chiefly found among the lower classes; partly because education is not so general among these, but principally for the simple reason that they form the great mass of the people. It must be observed also that the crimes of the higher orders are frequently of a kind which cannot be reached by the law, as it exists at present; although it would be absurd to suppose that this is the consequence of any feeling of partiality. The victims of such crimes are not the poor, but persons in the same rank as the criminal, who are as unwilling to be fleeced as any other portion of the community. The notorious Joseph Ady, for instance, preys exclusively upon his own middle rank, and disdains any booty that does not amount to a pound sterling. A survey of the affairs of the genteel would be highly curious; and if sufficient materials come in our way, we shall not be disinclined to undertake it. At present, however, our plan requires us to be satisfied with a single glance at the Corinthian capital of crime.

Marriage is a grand engine of the high-class sharpers, and is resorted to when all ordinary means of 'living by their wits' have failed. Some of these are well born and well educated, but have passed their lives in discreditable or dangerous expedients, rather than apply to honourable industry. They at length either find their family of sons (idle, of course, like themselves) an intolerable burthen, or else, in the failure of their usual resources, they are driven to look to them for assistance. The emergency is critical. They are no longer at a time of life when they can take the world as it comes; and they determine upon a *coup d'état*. Some unceremoniously assume a 'title,' if they have it not; but others take the trouble of seeking out a certain colour for the assumption in family history. Among the extinct titles formerly annexed to the surname they really possess, or have thought fit to adopt, there is one to which no property is attached; and their claim to this barren honour being undisputed, it is gladly recognised in the proper quarters—on their paying the fees. My lord now hurries to London, with the honourable mister, his eldest son; and by means of a careful inspection of the wills in Doctors' Commons (which costs them only a shilling each time), they have little difficulty in discovering some wealthy heiress. The addresses of an honourable, backed by a baron, are irresistible; the lady does not presume to verify so ancient a rent-roll; and presently her hand and fortune become the prey of the noble swindler and his harpy family. In this case the title acts in the same way as the lying rags of a humbler class of impostors. To one, the heiress gives a tear and a shilling—to the other, a smile and her all.

But the high-flyer has other resources besides marriage, for his honourable title—frequently his own by right—is capable of duping more than heiresses. The history of the late railway mania would afford many curious instances of the 'magic of a name.' A scheme, however wildly absurd, required nothing more than a well-sounding list of chairmen and provincial committee-men: lords, baronets, esquires, F.R.S.'s, a double S's—'captains and colonels, and knights-at-arms.' It did not need even the ingenuity of the begging-letter concoctor; for it was not the document that was looked to, but the titles that adorned it; not the feasibility of the falsehood, but the appearance of the impostor. All this, however, has worked for good, and society thrives on the ruin of its simple members. A railway project now would require more than 'honourable' projectors; and in like manner a thief in a draper's shop no longer escapes suspicion or arrest because she is a 'lady.'

Passing over for the present the gamester, and other congenial tribes, we shall descend at once to find a counterpart of the vices of the upper classes among the poor, with whom the cause of dishonesty is frequently the very same—a disinclination to regular industry, although its excuse may be greater, in the more immediate pressure of want, and the results of a neglected or wholly omitted education. Vagrancy has two classes, higher and lower, and the members of the former are technically distinguished as 'silver beggars.' They are well-dressed, clean, and respectable-looking. They resort to no clamour—no demonstrations of distress; but, on the contrary, are quiet, unassuming, nay, retiring. Their melancholy story is contained in a brief, authenticated by the signature of clergymen and magistrates, and, when necessary, by that of a consul at some foreign port. You are welcome to read it, for that will do you no harm. You may relieve them if you will. If you do, they will be grateful, but not servile; and if you do not, you need not fear their reproaches. God help them, they are too much accustomed to disappointment for that! They are aware of the many appeals that must be made to your kindly nature; for this is a bitter world—a bitter, bitter world—and for themselves they are nobody, they are strangers, and alone. Surely you cannot stand that! If you do, you relent before the man is round the corner. We have known an apoplectic servant grow black in the face with running after a silver beggar with a shilling.

One of these unfortunates has been persecuted by fire—it may be for twenty years at a stretch. He has been burnt out of house and home, as you may see by the testimony of more than one magistrate: the devouring element paying not the slightest regard even to the respectability of his character, vouched for though it be by several clergymen. But, fortunately for the victim of this chronic conflagration, there are still humane and charitable persons in the world; and he is proud to carry a book in which their names are registered. Some are down for a donation of L. 5, while others could afford only L. 3, or L. 2, or L. 1. Nay, there are modest signatures which descend so low as to ten shillings or half-a-crown; you may choose which example your pride or your circumstances will. This is a lucrative branch of the profession, and clever practitioners have been known to realise handsome incomes for a long series of years.

Water is another great persecutor of artists of this description; but, like fire, it eventually enriches the victim it has ruined. He appears in the likeness of a rude and boisterous captain of the sea, whose animal spirits have been depressed by misfortune; and this result is not wonderful, since his whole crew, all but one man, have been swallowed up by the relentless waves. The catastrophe took place somewhere abroad, as is shown by a certificate from one of the foreign consuls, and likewise by an order from the same functionary providing the two survivors with funds or a free passage to Cork or Liverpool; for to one or other of these ports it is always their pleasure to be conveyed. There is also another certificate, old and well-worn in appearance, though probably just out of the manufacturer's hands, beginning 'Port of Liverpool to wit,' and signed by two magistrates, with the signature and seal of the con-

sul to the corner; but to make assurance doubly sure, the unfortunate captain has still round his neck the identical gold chain he happened to wear at the time of his shipwreck. These captains are never less than fifty in number—and being men of education and address—originally either supercargoes or law-
yers' clerks discharged for drunkenness—they make a snug little income of some L. 300 per annum each.

Next to these old sea dogs, we may place the tribe of distressed foreigners who apply to the sympathies of British hearts. Not that these gentry are always natives of other countries (which, indeed, is the exception rather than the rule), but they are dressed, complexioned, mustached, and imperialised to such an extent, that their own mothers would not know them from Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Poles. In fact the English foreigner is more foreigner, inasmuch as, in addition to the hair on the upper lip, he wears the tuft on the chin, called an imperial, which you rarely see abroad. These personages have been compromised by mixing too freely in the political squabbles of the country they honour by adopting. Some have been loyalists where loyalty has gone to the wall, and others liberals where tyranny has triumphed; but all the victims of one kind or other, and have selected for a place of refuge that noble country which is of all parties, and has money for all comers. The true refugee may be detected by his proud impatience of charity, and his anxiety to help himself by tuition or other employment fit for a gentleman; but the vagrant scorns every kind of industry and beggary and imposture. This has placed mustaches and imperials in such unamiable odour, that strangers wearing these decorations fall *ipso facto* under the surveillance of the detective police; and in the great towns, the landladies of furnished apartments, whom they used to terrify on account of their daughter's hearts, are now much more uneasy on the score of their silver spoons. Still this commodity of hair is convenient, as a clip of the scissors metamorphoses the whole man; and the noble foreigner being above carrying a certificate and a subscription book, his detection is difficult. These persons have often a military air, having deserted from, or been turned out of, the army; and they can make themselves extremely agreeable in society wherever singing, waltzing, polkaing, and galloping are in request. This branch of the profession is followed likewise by the fair sex. The female foreigner in distress was originally, in all probability, an English waiting maid, who married a soldier, went abroad, and picked up language and manner, and who has now returned to live upon her personal, family, and patriotic distresses. She would live much better were it not that the habitual depression consequent on her misfortune had seduced her into the practice of dram-drinking.

Occasionally, instead of English foreigners preying upon their countrymen at home, our own home vagrants betake themselves to foreign travel. A woman known by the name of Meg, who was at Manchester not long ago, and is probably there still, affords a remarkable instance of this. She was born in the middle class, and after her mother's death, was sent to a boarding school, where she remained till she was seventeen. At this time she suddenly received a letter from her father informing her that he was now married, which he had never been before, and that the new claims upon his income rendered it imperative upon her to provide for her own support. Meg, strange as it may appear, immediately made her election, and went forth into the world a beggar and impostor. She travelled over a great part of Europe, remaining some time at Rome, and acquired several languages, and picked up a considerable stock of information. Her taste, however, as well as her profession, led her to study the economy of the communities of beggars in the various countries she traversed, and she at length returned to England to practise the lessons she had learned on the continent. In Manchester, when we heard of her, she was well known to the mendicancy officers, and was supposed to be independent, occupying a genteel sitting room and bed-room in a remote corner of the town. From this place, though impelled by no want, she sallied forth regularly to haunt with other beggars, and play off her impostures in damp cellars, and by means of hired children.

We are now rapidly descending in point of rank, and find the lower classes of vagrants, as might be expected, the great majority. The next we summon for review are those who live upon the losses they have sustained in their passage

Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire.

They depend, in short, upon the chapter of accidents, (The accident lurk) and are provided with certificates from magistrates and books of subscription. Floods, storms, murrains are common calamities of these unfortunates. Some have seen their horse, their only support, drop down dead; and some have been ruined by the too great liveliness of the same animal, which overturned their crockery cart, their only property. If a woman, their husbands were killed on a railway or in a coal pit. Their children accompany them, as living evidences of their poverty; and although children have the practice of growing up, and talking to the accident line on their own account, they can always borrow as many as they want at the cost of sixpence a-day per head. When the inquiries of the compassionate are too embarrassing, they decamp to the next large town, where they are sure of obtaining two nights' lodging graciously in the night-asylum; but after this they must resort to the trampers' lodging-house, where the accommodations cost twopence per night. Thus they traverse the whole kingdom, a circulating medium of fraud and beggary, and are always successful, because their faces, if not their stories, are always new.

A more ingenious portion of the same class* figure as sailors or colliers; the one having had his ship struck with lightning in the West Indies, and the other having been blown up with fire-damp in a coal-pit. Some blister salve applied to the arms gives one of the artists all the advantage of a dreadful scald, while his comrade locks wonderfully ghastly by the aid of nothing more than a white linen band across the forehead. Another unfortunate is still more afflicted in the arms, though at less cost of suffering. He stains them with some substance which gives them every appearance of inflammation, and bandages up his fingers towards the wrist with dirty rags. This, you will say, is not much; but the wretch has all the time a piece of fat in his closed hand, which, oozing out, as it melts, through the bandage, makes the stoutest stomach sick, and the hardest head sore. The diseased arms hang helplessly down, but there is an open pouch pinned to the clothes, into which, turning away your head, you make haste to drop your charity. These fellows travel in groups of two or three, and their average gains may be about ten shillings a-day.

Fits, occurring conveniently near the door of a house, are so common, that we must not do more than allude to them. They usually extort a glass of wine, as well as food and money; but it is said that a spoonful of salt stuffed

* Crime reduces all rogues to a level. Each class has its own professional name, which we shall give as a curiosity, only confining it to its due place—the bottom of the page. The worthy now alluded to is called by his brother vagabonds the 'knowing cove,' and 'gentleman high-flyer.'

† In the rogue's language they are 'lurkers.'

* The foreigner's lurk.
* The sick lurk.

into the mouth is quite a magical cure. Women of this class beg baby-linen, flannel or calico; and their appearance is such, that the benevolent make haste to comply, thinking the application a little too long deferred. Their husbands are either at home, confined to bed through severe illness, or they were killed six weeks before, in the course of their labours as navigators, colliers, or sailors. Some vagrants are deaf and dumb, and are therefore supposed to be able to tell fortunes, communicating with their customers by means of a slate and pencil. They have before now been cured of this affliction, by some humane person proposing (they, of course, being unconscious of the conversation) to stick them a little with a knife in the back of the neck, a plan which the extempore surgeon heard mentioned as a wonderful restorative of the faculties of speech and hearing. While this business is discussed, the deaf and dumb is anxious and observant: but when at length he sees the gentleman step furtively behind him with a knife gleaming from his sleeve, he gives a hullo! that alarms the very operator, and bolts out of the house.

Servants are imposed upon by servants out of place, who have lost their situations through illness, and have been left no clothes by their misfortunes but the neat thin dress they wear. Counterfeit weavers, cotton-spinners, and calenderers go singing about the streets in parties accompanied by a woman, who sells cotton to the charitable, at 150 per cent. profit. Others leave printed bills at the houses, stating how their factories have been burnt down, and adding that the bill will be called for and the merest trifle gratefully accepted. The labours of such classes end when the sun sets, and the day's earnings are then spent in mirth and riot—which of course makes them all the more profitably dismal and sickly looking for the morrow.

Begging-Letter Writing is a distinct trade in all the large towns, where the scribe charges from five to ten shillings for each production. Notwithstanding this handsome payment, however, there is little variety of genius exhibited, the letters usually proceeding in the same form—as thus: 'Sir, or Madam—Hearing of your well-known benevolence, &c., and having a wife and five helpless children entirely dependent on me for support, and I myself suffering from a grievous and internal disease, &c.' This is a numerous and invariably drunken class.

The shipwrecked sailors choose cold, rainy, and stormy weather for their peregrinations, when they go in groups, bawling their songs through the streets, half naked, and shivering in the blast. They have lost their all, it seems, and only saved their lives by swimming ashore. One of the gang, who is the spokesman, is a real sailor; but if you ask any of the others, as if by way of trying him, 'whether the timbrel is on the larboard or starboard side of a lugger,' he will betray by attempting to flounder through an explanation, that he is unconscious of the imaginary nature of the article named. What these naked wretches seek is old apparel, which they sell to the people who are constantly advertising for cast off clothes.

We close our catalogue with the cadgers, who, with the exception of a few, who pretend to sell matches, make no excuse at all, but are genuine sturdy beggars, who depend upon your charity, and anything they can help themselves to at your back doors or upon your hedges. An infallible way to secure redemption from the visits of cadgers, would be to keep a single little heap of stones before your door, ready to be broken by them at the rate of sixpence per hour. There is a free masonry throughout the craft, and your house would soon enjoy a general taboo. An Irish gentleman effected the same purpose by having a machine at his gate, with a notice thereon that any person who chose, by turning the handle for an hour, would grind himself out threepence.

Some cadgers sit in the street, writing and sketching with chalk in a beautiful style; * proving by this very accomplishment their ability to find regular employment if they desired it. Others sit on the footpath at the entrance of a town with a label stuck on their breasts.† But perhaps the most melancholy crew in the whole catalogue are those who have been really ignorant all their lives of every kind of employment but theft and beggary. They are the children of vagrants, as well as vagrants themselves; they have passed most of their time in jail; and have all a peculiarity in their expression, by which the experienced distinguish them at a glance.

Such are the vagrants of this country, and it will be seen that they form a class hardly second to any in ingenuity, perseverance, hardihood—everything, in short, which is requisite to enable individuals to gain a comfortable subsistence—but honesty.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HOOK'S GODFREY MOSS.

Of Mr. Barham's companions, the Rev. E. Cannon, Hook's "Godfrey Moss," was one of the most intimate, of whom we read here that he "claims some slight notice, the more so as he has scarcely met with justice at the hands of his facetious friend. For a general idea of what may be termed his mannerism, we can but refer to the striking portrait alluded to, one of the most perfect ever committed to paper. As he is there depicted, so precisely did he live and move in daily life, not an eccentricity is exaggerated, not an absurdity heightened! It is, however, to be regretted, that the great master restricted himself to the delineating the less worthy features of the outward and visible man, and touched but lightly those high and noble traits of character which had gone far to relieve the mass of cynicism and selfishness but too correctly drawn. Mr. Cannon was, in fact, both a spoiled and a disappointed man. Brought up under the immediate care of Lord Thurlow, his brilliant wit, his manifold accomplishments, and, as may be hardly credited by those who knew him only in his decline, his fascinating manners, procured him a host of distinguished admirers, and proved an introduction to the table of royalty itself. A welcome guest at Carlton House, Stow, and other mansions of the nobility,—patronised by the Lord Chancellor, courted and caressed by men, to say nothing of women, of the highest rank and influence,—he might possibly have become too extravagant or too impatient in his expectations; while more reasonable views would scarcely have been met by a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales, and a lectureship at St. George's, Hanover Square. This neglect, as he esteemed it, was especially calculated to work evil on a disposition naturally independent to a fault, and associated, as it was, with a humour tinged overmuch with bitterness. His caprices indulged and fostered, and his hope delayed, he fell gradually into utter disregard of all the amenities and conventional laws of society. The extreme liberties he began to take, and the bursts of sarcasm which he took the less heed to restrain as he advanced in years, deprived him betimes of all his powerful patrons, and at the last alienated most of his more attached friends. As regards the circumstances which led immediately to his dismissal from the palace, his conduct was certainly not chargeable with blame, but was the natural working of an unbending spirit which scorned to flatter even princes. His great musical taste and talent not unfrequently procuring

him the honour of accompanying his royal master on the piano forte, on one occasion, at the termination of the piece, the prince inquired, 'Well, Cannon, how did I sing that?' The latter continued to run over the keys, but without making any reply. 'I asked you, Mr. Cannon, how I sang that last song, and I wish for an honest answer,' repeated the prince. Thus pointedly appealed to, Cannon, of course, could no longer remain silent. 'I think, sir, said he, in his quiet and peculiar tone, 'I have heard your royal highness succeed better.' 'Sale and Attwood,' observed the latter sharply, 'tell me I sing as well as any man in England.' 'They, sir, may be better judges than I pretend to be,' replied Cannon. George the Fourth was too well-bred, as well as too wise a man, to manifest open displeasure at the candour of his guest, but in the course of the evening, being solicited by the latter for a pinch of snuff, a favour which had been unhesitatingly accorded an hundred times before, he closed the box, placed it in Mr. Cannon's hand, and turned abruptly away.

A gentleman in waiting quickly made his appearance, for the purpose of demanding back the article in question, and of intimating at the same time that it would be more satisfactory if its possessor forthwith withdrew from the apartment. Cannon at first refused to restore what he chose to consider no other than a present. 'The creature gave it me with his own hand,' he urged; 'if he wants it back, let him come and say so himself.' It was represented, however, that the prince regarded its detention in a serious light, and was deeply offended at the want of respect which had led to it; the box was immediately returned without further hesitation, and Mr. Cannon retired for the last time from the precincts of Carlton House. He was, however, not a man to permit a single affront to obliterate from his memory all traces of former kindness; and accordingly, when the trial of Queen Caroline had excited so much of popular clamour against the sovereign, Cannon was the first, on the termination of that affair, to get up and present an address from the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight to his royal master. Delighted at this seasonable exhibition of public approval, and not untouched, it may be, by the conduct of his former favourite, the king was all courtesy and condescension. 'You are not looking well,' he observed, at length. 'I am not so well, sire, as I have been,' replied Cannon with a smile. 'Well, well, I must send H— to prescribe for you,' said the king; nor did this prove to be an idle compliment; in due time the physician of the household called, having it in command to tender to the invalid his professional assistance, and at the same time to intimate that he might expect to be admitted again to the royal parties. This honour Mr. Cannon bluntly and resolutely declined. On being pressed to give some explanation of his refusal, he merely answered, 'I have been early taught when I want to say no and can say no, to say no; but never give a reason,'—a maxim which he had learned from his early protector, Lord Thurlow, and a neglect of which, the latter used to boast, had enabled him to carry an important point with his late majesty, George III. Thus it was; he had applied to that monarch on behalf of his brother for a certain post, and having somewhat unexpectedly met with a refusal, he bowed and was about to retire; when the monarch, wishing to soften his decision as far as possible, added, 'anything else I shall be happy to bestow upon your relative, but this unfortunately is an office never held but by a man of high rank and family.' 'Then, sire,' returned Lord Thurlow, 'I must persist in my request: I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England.' The chancellor was firm, and the king was compelled to yield. 'He gave me his reasons,' said the former, 'and I beat him.' With respect to Mr. Cannon, although he thought fit to decline giving any explanation at the time, he was not so reserved on all occasions. 'The creature,' he said, 'has turned me out of his house once, he shall not have the opportunity of doing so again.' Whatever version of this interview reached the royal ear, one circumstance deserves to be recorded, as tending, in its degree, to invalidate those charges of selfishness and want of feeling which have been so lavishly directed against the illustrious personage alluded to.

Many years afterwards, when Cannon, who though of inexpensive tastes, was utterly regardless of money, and almost ignorant of its value, and who generally carried all he received loose in his waistcoat-pocket, giving it away to any one who seemed to need it—was himself severely suffering from the effects of ill-health and his improvident liberality, the king, who accidentally heard of his melancholy condition, instantly made enquiries with a view of presenting him with some piece of preferment that might have served as a permanent provision, but ascertaining that his habits had become such as to render any advancement in his profession inexpedient, he entirely unsolicited, forwarded him an hundred pounds from his privy purse. This assistance proved most opportune, and served to supply his immediate necessities. He was staying at the time at a small hotel on the bank of the Thames, near Twickenham, from which he was unable, or rather unwilling to depart, till his bill which had swollen to a somewhat formidable size was discharged. Mr. Barham, therefore, and another friend, hastened down to release him from a position which most people would have deemed embarrassing in the extreme. They found him, however, perfectly happy in his retirement; clothed from head to foot in mine host's habiliments, and altogether appearing so much better in health and spirits than could have been anticipated, that Mr. Barham was led to address some compliment to the landlady on the good looks of her guest. 'Well, sir, to be sure,' replied that worthy personage, 'we have done our best to keep him tidy and comfortable, and if you had only seen him last Sunday, when he was washed and shaved you really might have said he was looking well.' He had formed, it appeared, a close intimacy with a monkey belonging to the establishment, and spent the principal portion of his time in his society, exchanging it occasionally for that of adventurous bipeds, whom the steamboats then 'few and far between,' landed at the Eynot, according as he found them more or less intelligent than his quadrupedal companion.

It was not to be supposed that these eccentricities should altogether escape episcopal observation; and although they met with considerable indulgence, a rebuke was sometimes unavoidable. Cannon, however, resented the slightest attempt at interference with a warmth and jealousy ill advised, to say the least of it. His hostility, indeed, to his diocesan, he attributed to no private feeling; and certainly it could not have been warranted by any treatment he experienced at his hands. Many, however, of the bitter saires that appeared in the periodicals, directed against certain proceedings of this eminent individual were from his pen. More than one of the more powerful and more personal of these Mr. Barham was fortunate enough to save from publication. He borrowed the copy, and that once in his possession, he knew that Cannon was too indolent a man to write another, or to persevere in demanding the restoration of the original. Those, however, who have read the 'Dives and Lazarus,' and lines written on the exclusion of ill-dressed persons from certain seats in the Chapel Royal, though they scarcely fail to admit that nothing Byron or Churchill have produced has excelled them in pungency of wit, will, nevertheless, consider their suppression justifiable, even by an act of friendly felony.—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

* Cadger screening.
† Cadger's sitting pad.

MODERN ITALIAN HISTORY.

After a year's absence, during which he narrowly escaped death by shipwreck, and met with various other adventures, Pepe returned to Naples. It was in 1808: Napoleon had created his brother King of Spain, and given the Neapolitan crown to the Grand Duke of Berg. *Soldat avant tout*. Murat's first care was the amelioration of the army, then in a deplorable state. To this end he sent for all the Neapolitan officers employed in the Ionian Islands. Pepe was amongst the number. Presenting himself before King Joachim, he exhibited his testimonials of service, and claimed the rank of colonel. The king replied, by appointing him one of his orderly officers, as a proof of the good opinion he had of him. "I recollect that I was so engrossed by admiration of the elegance of his appearance, and the affability of his address, that I omitted expressing my thanks. He talked to me a great deal about the Neapolitan army, and manifested a confidence in us that even exceeded my own; and, God knows, that was not small. His conversation filled me with such delight, that, had it not been for fear lest he should mistake my ardour of patriotism for courtier-like flattery, I could have fallen at his feet and worshipped him. It seemed to me that I beheld in him the Charles XII. of the Neapolitans."

Murat was the very man to become at once popular with an excitable and imaginative people. His handsome person, his dash and brilliancy, his reputation for romantic and chivalrous courage, his winning smile, and affable manner prepossessed the Neapolitans in his favour, and they joyfully received him in exchange for Joseph. But the dashing commander was not of the stuff of which kings should be made; still less was he the man to found and consolidate a new dynasty, and reduce to order a fickle and divided nation. Strong-handed, but weak-headed,—a capital man of action, but valueless at the council-board,—Murat's place was at the head of charging squadrons. There he was a host in himself; in the cabinet he was a cipher. He was not equal even to the organisation of the troops whom, in the field, he so effectively handled. His good nature rendered him unwilling to refuse a favour, and, as there were no fixed and stringent regulations for the appointment and promotion of officers, the higher posts of his army were often most inefficiently occupied. "He could never resist the supplications of the courtiers, still less the entreaties of the ladies about the court." And again, "Murat was a Charles XII. in the field, but a Francis I. in his court. He would have regarded the refusal of a favour to any lady of the court, even though she were not his mistress, as an indignity." His *débonnaire* facility was so well known, that people used to waylay him in the street with a petition and an ink-stand, and he often signed, without inquiry, things that should never have been granted. "One day he was returning from the Campo di Marte, when a woman, in tears, and holding a petition in her hands stood forward to present it to him. His horse, frightened at the sight of the paper kicked and reared, and ended by throwing his majesty some distance from the spot. After swearing roundly, in the French fashion, Joachim took the paper and granted its request—the life of the woman's husband, who was to have been executed the following day." As his orderly officer, and subsequently, when promoted to a higher military grade, as his aide-de-camp. General Pepe saw a great deal of Murat, and we are disposed to place great faith in his evidence concerning that splendid soldier but poor king. His feelings towards Joachim were of a nature to ensure the impartiality of his testimony: as his military chief, and as a private friend, he adored him; as a sovereign he blamed his acts, and was strenuously opposed to his system of government. He seems never to have satisfactorily ascertained the king's real feelings towards himself: at times he thought that he was really a favourite, at others, he imagined himself disliked for his obstinate political opposition, and for the pertinacity with which he urged Murat to grant the nation a constitution. It is probable that Joachim's sentiments towards his wrong-headed follower, whom he used to call the *tribune*, and the *savage*, were of a mixed nature; but whether he liked him or not, he evidently esteemed and valued him. No other officer was so constantly employed on confidential, important, and hazardous missions, both previously to the battle of Wagram, when the Anglo-Sicilians menaced Naples with an invasion, and at a later period, when Murat entertained a design of landing in Sicily. In this project the king was thwarted by the chief of his staff, the French general, Grenier, a nominee of Napoleon's, who, with three French generals of division, strongly opposed the invasion of Sicily, acting, as General Pepe believes, on private instructions from the emperor. "The great aim of Napoleon was, so to divert the attention of the English, as to cause them to withdraw part of their forces from Spain and the Ionian islands, whilst that of Joachim was, simply to get possession of Sicily." In pursuance of this design, the king established himself, with 22,000 men, in and around the town of Scylla. His own head-quarters were upon the summit of a hill, in a magnificent tent, containing one large saloon and six small chambers. "The tri-color banners, streaming from its summit, seemed to defy the English batteries on the opposite shore, which discharged bombs and shot that not only could reach the king's tent, but even fall beyond it. One day, three balls descended into the tent, where I was dining with the other officers of the king's household although it was situated farther back than that of Joachim." From this exposed position Murat gazed at Sicily through a telescope and tried to persuade himself that it was his. But English ships and men continued to arrive at Messina, rendering his enjoyment of his nominal possession each day less probable. So sharp a look-out was kept by the British fleet that it was impossible to obtain intelligence from Sicily. The vessels could be counted; but the amount of land forces was unknown, and this Murat was most anxious to ascertain. He ordered Pepe to take two of the boats called *scorridore*, to land in Sicily during the night, and bring off a peasant, a soldier, or even a woman; anything, in short, that could speak. The expedition was so dangerous, that Pepe expected never to return, and made all arrangements respecting the disposal of his property, as if condemned to certain death. The two naval officers whom he warned for the duty, looked at him with horror and astonishment, and asked what he had done, that the king wanted to get rid of him. To add to the peril, it was a bright moonlight night. Instead of perishing, however, he was fortunate enough to capture an English boat, having on board eight smugglers, spies of General Stewart. Murat's impatience was so great, that he came into the saloon of his tent, with only his shirt on, to receive his successful emissary; and General Pepe confesses, that if the king was delighted at receiving news, he himself was no less so, at having escaped with life and liberty. At last the invasion was attempted by a division of Neapolitan troops, and totally failed. Part of the invaders were taken prisoners: the remainder only escaped by favour of the strong current, which prevented the English from coming up with them. Murat returned to Naples, having spent a vast deal of money on these very expensive and fruitless operations. To Napoleon alone had they been of any use. He had "succeeded in conveying the necessary provisions to the Ionian islands whilst the seas were free from the enemy. At the same time, he had not to contend in Spain with that portion of the British forces which had been sent to protect Sicily."

In the stir and excitement of campaigning, Pepe managed to endure the presence of the French, whom he disliked, not because they were *Frenchmen*, but in their quality of foreigners, and of intruders in his country. He felt them to be a necessary evil, in the absence of an efficient native army, which Murat, impatient of his dependence on Napoleon,—who, according to his custom, treated him rather as a subject than as a sovereign,—perseveringly endeavoured to organise. Had the king's talents been equal to his decision and industry, he could not have failed of success. As it was, his efforts had little result. Pepe observed this with pain, and his exaggerated feeling of nationality again obtaining the ascendancy, he determined once more to expatriate himself. He reminded Murat of an old promise to give him the command of one of the Italian regiments then serving in Spain. The king reproached him with wishing to leave him; but on his urging his request, and pleading a desire to improve himself in his profession, he appointed him colonel of the 8th of the line, formed out of the remnants of three regiments, food for powder, furnished to Napoleon by Naples. At the end of 1810, Pepe took his departure, passed through France, and reached Saragossa. There he met his brother Florestano, on his way back to Naples, where he received on the recommendation of Marshal Suchet, and by the express desire of Buonaparte, the rank of Major-general for his good services in the Peninsula. The career of this distinguished officer is highly interesting. At the siege of Andria, in 1799, he was shot through the breast whilst scaling the walls at the head of his company of grenadiers. Without being mortal, the wound was extremely severe, and the surgeon who attended him, and who was esteemed the most skilful in Naples, cut his chest completely open, in order the better to treat it. An India-rubber tube was inserted in the centre of the gash to receive the oozing blood. So terrible was the operation, that the surgeon wished him to be held down by four strong men. To this Florestano refused to submit, and bore the anguish without a movement or a murmur. He was then told that the greatest care and regularity of living were essential to his existence. His answer was, "that he preferred a month's life of freedom to an age of solicitude about living;" and with this ghastly gaping wound he lived, in spite of the predictions of his leech, through fifteen campaigns. In command of a brigade of cavalry, he took share in the Russian expedition, and, on the night of the 6th December 1812, it fell to him to escort Napoleon from Osmiana to Wilna. Out of two regiments not more than thirty or forty arrived. The emperor's postilion was frozen to death, and had to be replaced by an Italian officer who volunteered his services. The two colonels of the brigade had their extremities frozen, and Florestano Pepe shared the same fate, losing half his right foot, and only reaching Dantzic through the assistance of a devoted aide-de-camp. But, even thus mutilated the heroic soldier would not abandon his beloved profession, and, during the final struggle against the Austrians in 1815, he was made lieutenant-general, by Murat, upon the field of battle.

On assuming command of his regiment, Colonel Pepe was as much struck by its martial aspect, as he was vexed at its clumsy manœuvres, and low moral condition. Both men and officers lacked instruction. The former were most incorrigible thieves. Plundering was a pretty common practice with the French armies in Spain, even in Suchet's corps, which was one of the best disciplined: and the Italians, anxious not to be outdone in any respect by their allies, were the most accomplished of depredators. They had come, in fact, to hold theft meritorious, and designated it by the elegant name of *poetry*. This slang term had become so general, that it was used even by the officers; and the adjutant of Pepe's regiment, in reporting a marauder to him, calls the man a *poet*. The prosaic application of a couple of hundred lashes to the shoulders of this culprit, served as a warning to his fellows, and soon the crime became a rare occurrence. The officers, although deficient in the theory of their profession, "were brave and honourable men, and had shown their valour, not only against the enemy, but in numerous duels fought with the French, justifying fully a saying of Machiavel, that the courage of the Italians when opposed man to man, is far superior to that of other nations." The example of their new commander was not likely to break the officers of the eighth infantry of their duelling propensities. In the course of General Pepe's memoirs, he refers to at least half a score encounters of the kind, in which he was a principal. With the exception of two, which occurred when he was only seventeen, and of his final one—as far as we are informed—with General Carascosa, fought in England, in 1823, these single combats were invariably with foreigners, with whom the general seems to have been very unending. Not that provocation was wanting on the part of the French, more than sufficient to rouse the ire of the meekest. The insolence of Napoleon's victorious legions exceeded all bounds; nor was it the less irritating for being often unintentional,—the result of a habit of gasconading, and of a settled conviction that they were superior in valour and military qualities to all the world besides. A certain General F. could find no higher praise for Pepe's battalions, when they had gallantly attacked and beaten a Spanish corps, than was conveyed in the declaration that they ought in future to be regarded, not as Neapolitans, but as Frenchmen! A compliment which, to patriotic Italian ears, sounded vastly like an insult. Attributing it to stupidity, Pepe did not resent the clumsy eulogium. But it was very rare that he allowed slights of that kind to pass unnoticed, nor could he always restrain his disgust and impatience at the fulsome praise he heard lavished upon Napoleon. The officers who had gained rank and wealth under the French emperor, exalted him above all the heroes of antiquity, and breathed fire and flames when their Italian comrades supported the superior claims to immortality, of an Alexander, a Hannibal, or a Caesar. "I believe Colonel Pepe loves neither Napoleon nor the French!" angrily exclaimed a French general during one of these discussions. "I replied instantly, that I was serving in the army of Arragon, but that I made no parade of my affections." Words like these were, of course, neither unheeded nor forgotten, and were little likely to push their utterer upwards on the ladder of promotion. But at no period of his life did General Pepe trust to courtier-like qualities for the advancement which he well knew how to conquer at point of sword.

After two years passed in Spain, and with the reputation of one of the best colonels in Suchet's army, Pepe returned to Naples. Murat, who had just come back from Russia, received him kindly, and made him a major-general. Notwithstanding this, he entertained serious thoughts of quitting the service. He had left Spain full of political hopes; and now the independence which Napoleon's disasters had given to Murat rendered their realization more than ever improbable. His discontent was participated in by many of his countrymen, especially by the Carbonari, which sect was greatly on the increase, fostered by the Bourbonites, who, for their own purposes, sought to sow dissensions in Naples. "I looked upon this sect," says General Pepe, "as a useful agent for the civilization of the popular classes; but, at the same time I was of opinion that, as it was necessary to force the king to grant liberal institutions, it was needful to make use of the army to avoid, as much as possible, all disorders of the state." The Abruzzi were the focus of the Carbonaro doc-

trines, and thither the general had been despatched with his brigade. When there, he learned Murat's departure for Dresden, to command Napoleon's cavalry. "Such was the eccentricity of Joachim, that a few days before quitting Naples, he had been in treaty with England to proclaim the independence of Italy, that nation engaging to furnish twenty thousand men and a considerable sum of money for this purpose. The ratification of the treaty only reached Naples after the departure of the king." Caroline Buonaparte, regent of Naples during her husband's absence, hated Pepe for his liberal principles and declared opposition to the French party, and showed him marked distrust. October came; Leipzig was fought, Napoleon retreated towards the Rhine,—Murat returned to Naples. Deprived of the support of his brother-in-law, whose star was visibly on the decline, it was time he should think and act for himself. In this critical conjuncture, he displayed, as usual, a grievous want of judgment. With a strong Bourbonite party against him, he could not make up his mind to conciliate, by concession, the liberal section of his subjects. On the other hand, Ferdinand, under the guidance of England, had given a constitution to Sicily, and promised to extend a similar boon to the Neapolitans if they would restore him to his continental dominions. In this promise, it is true, the patriot party, with the horrors of 1799 fresh in their memory, placed little confidence. General Pepe attributes much of Murat's undecided and injudicious conduct to Napoleon's treatment of him. "The emperor," he says, "one day exalted him to the skies, and the next would humble him to the very dust, condemning every thing he did, not only through the public papers, but in his private correspondence." On this head, the general gives very curious particulars, derived from the Duke of Campo Chiaro, chief of the police, and minister under Murat. The dilemma in which king Joachim found himself might have perplexed a wiser man. It was an option between turning his arms against his country and his benefactor, and losing his crown, which he could not hope to retain if he declared against the allies.

After negotiating at one and the same time with all parties, he finally, at the commencement of 1814 concluded a treaty of alliance with Austria. But his mind was in an unsettled and wavering state; and he made no secret to those French officers who still followed his fortunes, of the good will with which he would once more fight beside instead of against his old companions in arms. "The Austrians so firmly expected this *volta faccia* that they attempted, with one of Nugent's regiments of hussars, to take him prisoner at Bologna." At times, Pepe fancied that the king was about to comply with the wishes of the patriot party, grant a liberal constitution, and proclaim the independence of Italy. His hopes of this were particularly strong, when he found himself appointed to organise and command a legion, to consist of men from all the provinces of Italy, and of whose officers he was to have the nomination. That so important a trust as this should be confided to a man noted for his democratic principles, of whom the king never spoke but as the tribune and the *tête de fer*, and who had been more than once suspected of an intention to revolt, was indeed a symptom of a change in Murat's views. But it all ended in smoke. Pepe drew up the plan of the legion, and submitted it to the king, who took no further notice of it. He was engrossed in watching the final struggle between Napoleon and the allies.

On the 19th April, when about to besiege Piacenza, news reached Murat of the fall of Paris, and of the treaty of peace concluded with the viceroy of the kingdom of Italy. The war was suspended, and the Neapolitan army retired southwards. At Rimini, General Pepe, who commanded the rear guard, fell in with the Pope, then proceeding to Rome, and was admitted to an interview. Never oblivious of his political principles, he took an opportunity of saying, "that it would be worthy an Italian pontiff to collect about him the sons of Italy, and to drive the foreigners out of his native land." His holiness listened attentively, but made no reply. When Murat was informed of this bold suggestion of Pepe's, he exclaimed, "He will not leave even the Pope quiet," and this saying became a standing joke against the tenacious patriot. A few days afterwards, General Ambrosio, another of the liberal party, had been advocating to the Pope the advantages of a constitution for Italy, "when a crippled gentleman was brought to the carriage door, who requested the pontiff to bestow his blessing upon him, that he might recover the use of his limbs. The Pope, turning towards Ambrosio, said, 'You see, General, where we are; Italy is still far from the period you so ardently desire.' " Ambrosio and his friends, especially Pepe, were of the contrary opinion, and conspired to compel Murat to grant them a constitution. Seventeen general officers were implicated in the plot, but when the moment for action came, the majority faltered, Pepe was left in the lurch, and became the scapegoat. Urged to fly to Milan, he refused to lower himself in the opinion of his countrymen by seeking refuge amidst the oppressors of Italy. He was ordered to the castle of St. Elmo, there to appear before a court-martial, but on reaching Naples, the placable Murat had forgotten his anger, and received him kindly. "I treat all my subjects, and you in particular, like my children," were his first words. In the interesting conversation that followed, Pepe urged the king to grant a constitution, as the surest means of securing the affections of his subjects and consolidating his throne. Murat replied, that he should long since have done so, but that such a proceeding would draw upon him the implacable animosity of Austria. And he declined relying, as his unceremonious counsellor urged him to do, upon the courage of six millions of Neapolitans and the natural strongholds of the country. He was never offended at Pepe's frankness, for he had faith in his personal attachment. "It is certain," says the General, "that, after my country, I was most truly attached to Joachim, and I would have given my life for him." Subsequent events proved this, and showed Murat that the man who, boldly and to his face, had blamed the conduct of the king, was the firm friend of the depressed and unhappy fugitive. In the closing scene of Joachim's reign, when the disbanded Neapolitans, badly led, and in some instances deserted by generals who should never have held the rank, fled before the hosts of Austria, the sympathy and friendship of his plain spoken follower were amongst the last and best consolations of the falling monarch. Very bitter must have been Murat's reflections at that moment; the conviction was forced upon him that his misfortunes resulted chiefly from his own want of judgment and too great facility; captivity or exile stared him in the face; the sunny smile which even in the moments of the greatest peril, rarely left his countenance, was chased by shame and self-reproach, and tears stood upon his cheeks. "I could not restrain my own, and, instead of speaking, I advanced, took his hand, and kissed it. Oh! how touched he was by this act of respectful affection on my part! Who knows but at that moment he recollected the words I had addressed to him in his palace, 'Whenever you shall find yourself in a situation of danger, you will learn to distinguish your real friends from the friends of your fortune.' " A few days after this affecting scene, on the night of the 20th May, Murat crossed over in disguise to Ischia, and embarked for France. On the 23d, took place the triumphal entry of the Austrians into the city of Naples.

The particulars of Murat's last mad act, his landing in Italy at the head of thirty men, and of his consequent capture and tragical death, have been related by many writers, and General Pepe could add little in the way of facts to what was already known. He makes some interesting reflections on the subject, and traces the supreme ill-luck by which Joachim was pursued in his last desperate venture. On the return of the Bourbons to France, two of his followers, who had accompanied him from Naples, hired a vessel to convey him to England or America. But, as fate would have it, the place of rendezvous was misunderstood. Murat missed his friends, and, being in hourly peril of his life, put to sea in a boat. Landed in Corsica, the affectionate welcome he met from thousands of the inhabitants, many of whom had formerly served under him, cheered his drooping spirits, and inspired him with the idea of a descent in Italy. He had two hundred and seventy followers, hardy Corsican mountaineers, and had they lauded with him, General Pepe is of opinion that he would soon have raised a force sufficiently strong to maintain the campaign, and extort favourable conditions from Austria, as far, at least, as regarded his life and liberty. But the six small vessels in which he left Ajaccio were scattered by a tempest, and he was driven, with but a tithe of his followers, to the very last port he ought to have made. The inhabitants of Pizzo, whose coasting trade had been ruined during the war, were glad of peace on any terms, and looked upon Murat as a firebrand, come to renew their calamities. They assailed the adventurers and drove them to the shore. But when Joachim would fain have re-embarked, he saw his ship standing out to sea. The treacherous commander had betrayed him for the sake of the valuables he had left on board. And Murat, the chivalrous, the brave, remained a prisoner in the hands of his former subjects, scoffed at and reviled by the lowest of the people. Five days afterwards, twelve bullets in the breast terminated his misfortunes. It was a soldier's death, but had been better met on the battle-field. There, amidst the boom of artillery, and the din of charging squadrons, should have terminated the career of the most dashing cavalry officer of modern times, of one who might well have disputed with Ney the proud title of the "*brave des braves*."

We have purposely dwelt upon the earlier portion of General Pepe's work, to the exclusion of its latter chapters. We can take but little interest in Neapolitan history since 1815, in the abortive revolutionary struggles and manoeuvres of the Carbonari and other would-be liberators. Nor do the ample details given by the general greatly increase our respect for Italian patriotism; whilst we trace more than one discrepancy between the conclusions he draws and the results he exhibits. He holds his countrymen to have been long since ripe for a constitutional government and free institutions, and yet he himself shows us that, when a revolution was achieved, and those great objects attained, the leading men of his party, those who had been foremost in effecting the change, proved traitors or dupes, and that the people, organised in militia and national guards, displayed so little self devotion, such small zeal in defence of their newly acquired liberties, as to be utterly disheartened by the very first conflict with their treacherous king's supporters, and to disperse, never again to reassemble. Such was the case in 1821, and in vain does General Pepe try to justify his countrymen by attributing their weakness and defection to the machinations of the evil-disposed. The truth, we believe, is to be found in the final words of his own proclamation, addressed to the national guards after the disastrous encounter, in the vain hope of once more rousing them to resistance. "Your women," he said, "will make you blush for your weakness, and will bid you hasten again to surround that general whose confidence in your patriotism you should have justified better than you did on the 7th of March, when you fought at Rieti."

His darling Constitution overthrown, Pepe wandered forth an exile. But hope never deserted him. Baffled, he was not discouraged. He sought on all sides for means to renew the struggle. And truly some of his projects, however creditable to his intrepidity and zeal, say little for his prudence and coolness of judgment. What can be thought of his application in 1823, to Mavrocordato for a thousand chosen Greeks, with whom he proposed to land in Calabria! Of course the chief of the new Greek government civilly declined lending a thousand of his countrymen for any such desperate venture. In 1830 the general's hopes were raised high by the success of the French revolution. His active brain teemed with projects, and in his mind's eye he again saw the tri coloured banner floating from St. Elmo's towers. Vain delusions, not destined to realization. The feeble attempts of the Italian patriots were easily suppressed, and Pepe retired to Paris, to mourn the fate of his beloved and beautiful country, doomed to languish in Austrian servitude and under Bourbon despotism.

Anecdote of De Bagnis.—While the Hall bell was ringing, a few days since, for a fire in the fifth district, a gentleman in the street turned to Signor De Bagnis, and inquired the direction of the fire.

"It is five knock on de bell," replied the Signor in his broken dialect.

It so happened that Mr. Blake, of the Park theatre, came up, also, at this moment, and enquired—

"Signor, what did that gentleman say to you?"

"He ask me de fire where it was, and I tell him five knock on de bell."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Blake.

"What for you tank Heaven?"

Blake explained that the Park theatre is situated in the sixth district, and that if the fire were in that vicinity, the bell should strike six times.

"Aha!" said the Signor, "I see; but you had better run for all dat; for suppose the Park teatre be six knock on de bell, five knock on de bell must wake de fire next oor to de Park teatre!"

The value of a dead horse in Paris.—After the horses are deposited, the mane and tail is cut off, which amounts to about a quarter of a pound; the skin is then taken away, which is disposed of to tanners, and used for various purposes; the shoes are sold as old iron; the feet are cut off, dried, and beaten, in order to make the hoofs come away, or are left to putrefy till they separate of themselves, when they are sold to turners, combmakers, manufacturers of ammonia and Prussian blue. Every morsel of fat is picked out and melted, and used for burning by makers of enamel and glass-toys, greasing shoe-leather and harness, and manufacturing soap and gas. The workmen choose the best pieces of the flesh to eat, preferring those about the head, and sell the rest for dogs, cats, hogs, and poultry. It is also much used for manure and making Prussian blue. The bones are disposed of to cutlers, fan-makers, &c., and often made into ivory-black; and also occasionally serve as fuel for melting the fat, and for manure. The sinews and tendons are sold to glue-makers; the small intestines are made into coarse strings for lathes, &c., or serve as manure.

Crime has decreased in Paisley so much, that for some days the police court was lately shut up for want of cases.

TO MY OLD FRIEND.

BY STEPHEN.

Ye ask me why I strive to hide,
Ye minions who in reckless fashion,
With saintlike usage madly run
A hollow hearted race of passion.

Ye stop me in the public way,
And smile, and say in accents bland
Ye hope that I am well to day,
And warmly shake me by the hand,
And still I see beneath the smile,
And hear among the accents spoken
The lurking look of worldly guile,
And words meant only to be broken.

Oh! could ye! as ye play the part
With saintly falsehood fully strung
But read the poor man's noble heart,
While listening to the lying tongue,

The blush upon the cheek would glow,
The eye would drop its truthlike ray,
The form would lose its stately show,
And sneaking turn—to walk away.

Ye hypocrites! Ye shameless trash,
With villain's heart and lying tongue,
I wish each word I write a LASH,
Around your perjured spirits strung.

And yet ye, pressing, ask me why,
This distant keeping I endure;
Nay! do not start—I must reply,
I'm poor—I'm honest—but I'm Poor.

And poverty, tho' hard to bear,
I humbly welcome to my breast,
It taught me how 'twas sweet to share
The poor man's honest peaceful rest.

Then ask no more, ye hollow throng,
Who fondled, while my star was bright,
I've stayed among ye, now too long,
Your smiles are false, and dark as night.

New York, March 5th, 1847.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

There is a remarkable document of the time of Athelstane which possibly may be considered as the first authentic indication of the interference of the Commons in matters of legislation as a body distinct from the proceres who composed the council or curia of the king.—It seems that Athelstane set commissioners or royal missi, as such functionaries were then denominated among the Franks, requiring or authorizing the inhabitants of the county of Kent, and of other counties, to meet and resolve upon such amendments in the laws as they deemed expedient to be adopted. All the inhabitants, bishops, earls, thanes, *eorls* or *villani* of Kent, accordingly met; and they resolved upon a petition or address to the king, in which they stated that they had agreed upon eight several capitula, which they presented, and prayed that the king in his mercy would point out whether they had exceeded or fallen short of what he desired; adding, that they would implicitly conform to his wishes. The *Decretum Sapientium Anglie*, agreed to, first at Exeter, then at Faversham, then at Thundersfield in Surrey, and the *Judicata Civitatis Landonie*, agreed upon by the earls and eors (*comites et villani*) of London, are of a similar character. It will be seen in a subsequent chapter, in which the rise of the English House of Commons to its present state is shortly traced, that it was always by way of petition that the commons interfered, even when they became by their representatives a distinct and recognised branch of the legislature; sometimes the lords joining them in the petition, at other times the petition being addressed by them alone to the king, or to the king and the lords, or sometimes to the lords alone. It is from this circumstance, and from the totally different character of the commons' branch of the legislature to that of the lords, and I have been induced to think that the house of commons must have originated as a distinct institution, not as a constituent part of the great council. The documents above referred to appear to me to point out the germ from which it sprung. The very learned and intelligent compilers of the Ancient Laws of the Anglo-Saxons have not offered any explanation of these documents; indeed, before I ventured to put the above interpretation upon them, I looked in vain for any explanation as to their character in the works of our most celebrated antiquaries and historians. In former times, it would have been too bold a flight even to hint that the legislative authority of the house of commons might in any the slightest degree be traced to an institution which had prevailed in the Roman provinces; yet, considering the weight that imperial sanction must have had in recommending any institution to the Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, whose prerogatives, as we have seen, were chiefly founded on imperial doctrines, it seems to me not unworthy of attention, that the Theodosian Gods would have informed the king and the legislators of the time, that under the authority of the imperial constitutions, regular assemblies of the provincials were held throughout the empire, at which petitions were agreed upon for the reform of abuses, and the adoption of such measures as were considered necessary for the public benefit, and for the amendment of the law.—*Spence's Equitable Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery.*

LORD BACON.

Patted on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain whether the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and gay at the court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the dusty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking "all knowledge for his province"—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favour—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—be-

ing seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends by defending all the worst accesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honourable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet, the son of a lord keeper, the nephew of the prime minister, a queen's counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a sponging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponent, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new sovereign, offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant whom he utterly despised—infinately gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with 230 others, to receive the honor of knighthood—trucking to a worthless favourite with the most slavish subservience, that he might be appointed a law officer of the crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson, whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the lord high treasurer and lord privy seal, preceded by his mace bearer and purse bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and judges, to be installed in the office of lord high chancellor—by and bye, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged, out of decency the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendour and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendour of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and, in the midst of pecuniary embarrassment, refusing to be "stripped of his feathers."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of Chancellors.*

Marseilles at the Present Time.—Marseilles is a large, well-built, but dirty town, and has a greater amount of shipping and foreign trade than any other port in France. Its custom house yields one sixth part of the whole customs revenue. It stands in a dry limestone country, and ought to be healthy, but it is the reverse, owing to its small stinking harbor, which receives the contents of the common sewers, and never being agitated by tides or storms, keeps alive the elements of pestilence in the lower parts of the town. There is a new harbor in course of construction, fully larger than the old, but even both will scarcely suffice for its trade. Marseilles is rapidly extending to the north and east sides. We found many entire streets of handsome new houses building, with front doors like ours, and four stories in height. The environs are splendid. The district forms a semicircular basin, bounded by rocky hills, and is adorned with plantations of olives, and studded with thousands of white cottages, or villas, reaching back from the suburbs to the mountains. The port was crowded with Greek vessels, of which no less than 200 had arrived with cargoes of wheat, maize and other grain from southern Russia; for you must know that the French government in its praiseworthy efforts to procure corn had suspended the navigation laws. These Greek vessels would not be allowed to land a bushel of Russian wheat in our British ports, however pressing our wants might be. Marseilles having no exchange, but a wooden booth capable of holding a hundred and fifty people, its crowd of merchants meet at the crossing of two dirty, narrow streets, where they are knocked about every minute by carts and omnibusses, and have the benefit of good exercise in cold weather! While the first commercial city in France wants accommodation which our third and fourth rate ports possess, it is about to spend forty thousand pounds in rebuilding its cathedral! A great public work, an aqueduct, which must be at least 30 miles long, to bring a supply of water from the river Durance has been in progress for some years.

The Ecclesiastical States.—Italy.—Never before have I been so literally called upon to "enter into the venerable presence of Hunger, Thirst, and Cold," as during this memorable expedition. To make this statement accurately correct, however, the word 'dirt' must be substituted for 'cold' although we have occasionally been met by a cutting and a biting wind, that accorded not well with the rich foliage, which has still for the most part more the aspect of August than of November. But the dirt and melancholy neglect of themselves, which we have found among the people, at the miserable inns where we have been to obliged to pass several nights, is beyond anything you can imagine, and has offered us a sadder picture of human misery, ignorance, and destitution, than I have ever witnessed, except, perhaps among the manufacturing population of Manchester and its neighbourhood. The wretched ignorance and poverty of the Ecclesiastical States presses most painfully upon the observation, at every step you go, by every object you see, and from every question you ask. "It is not that we are idle," said a man with whom my son entered into conversation: "we are not idle; we would dig the very rocks to get bread, if we were not so sorely burdened;" (*si gravita*, was his phrase). And he added, that those who would live well must live either in Tuscany or Lombardy; "a man may do well in either. The consequence of this sort of hopeless despair is a supine abandonment of all the little contrivances which we so frequently see giving decency and even comfort to poverty. Rags, filth, and very deficient nourishment, all seem endured with a degree of sullen calmness, that must be either the prelude to a storm, or one stage of process, by which the inhabitants of this unhappy portion of the finest country in the world, is to sink into a moral condition in no way superior to that of Hottentots. There is something inexpressibly painful in travelling a country where the contrast is so fearfully strong, between the munificent operations of nature and the pitiful management of man, and this, too, in a land that owns the same language as that spoken in the prosperous fields of Tuscany and Lombardy. In many cases, the commonest resources of human industry appear to be absolutely unknown. We were repeatedly told, when asking for milk, "that no cows were kept in that neighbourhood;" "that there was nothing for them to eat." And that in a climate where the very air seems to generate vegetation!—*Mrs. Trollope's Italy.*

A Hindoo Genius.—A native of Calcutta, by hereditary profession a blacksmith, who was employed for many years in cutting punches for this press, having now little occupation, has adopted the following ingenious mode of obtaining a livelihood:—He has manufactured an iron press upon the model of one of those in use here, and set up a printing office, at which he has commenced

ed printing for the public at large. Last year he printed a native almanac of a superior character, which had a remarkable run. Soon after this he began to engrave on lead pictures of the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Pantheon, of which hundreds of thousands were struck off on inferior paper, and obtained ready sale. Some of them were afterwards adorned by the art of the limner, and being set in frames, sold of course for a higher price. Hawkers were employed in traversing the country with packs of these mythological prints, both on account of our Serampore printer, and others who soon found it advantageous to imitate his example in Calcutta. Hence there are few villages to be found in a circle of many miles round the country in which the cottages of perhaps the poorest individual is not supplied with the veritable effigy of some one of the popular gods. The supply, however, soon became too great for the demand, and his competitors relinquished the trade, which has since languished and is now confined to a very limited extent. But his ingenuity was not exhausted. He determined to print English books for the numerous youths of the poorer classes, who are now endeavouring to obtain a smattering of our tongue, and for whom even the low-priced elementary works of the Calcutta School-Book Society are too high. Of these works, thousands of pirated copies have been printed in Calcutta, and disseminated through the country. But the individual we allude to, finding English type, at second-hand, too dear for his purpose, has cut a set of punches for himself, and cast the types which he employs for this work. They are entirely wanting in that beauty and exquisite accuracy which characterise our English types, but to an inexperienced eye the difference between them and letters cast in Europe or America would scarcely be apparent; and to a native, the inferiority would be altogether imperceptible. Thus furnished by his own ingenuity with the whole apparatus of a typographical establishment, he is enabled to produce works at so cheap a rate, as completely to undersell the presses in Calcutta. The native booksellers in that city, a rising race, though at present of little note, are happy to avail themselves of his labours, and purchase edition after edition of his Cheap Books. As soon as education in the vernacular language becomes the order of the day, it is by such men and such means that books will be multiplied. Capital will be poured in upon the enterprise; the natives who are acquainted both with English and Bengalee will find it to their advantage to enter for the press, and the means of improvement will be placed within the reach of the middling and lower classes of society.—*Indian paper.*

Dr. Jenner and Rowland Hill.—Rowland Hill, the once eminent preacher, ably defended Dr. Jenner's discovery against its opponents.

"This," he said, "is the very thing for me;" and wherever he went to preach, he announced after his sermon, "I am ready to vaccinate to-morrow morning as many children as you choose; and if you wish them to escape that horrid disease, the small-pox, you will bring them."

Once a week he inoculated the children who were brought to him from Wotton and the neighbourhood; and it is well known that one of the most effective vaccine boards in London was established at Surrey Chapel. Mr. Hill once introduced Jenner to a nobleman, in these terms:—

"Allow me to present to your lordship my friend Jenner, who has been the means of saving more lives than any other man."

"Ah!" said Jenner, "would that I, like you, could say *soulte*."

REPORT OF A BATTLE.

From the New Orleans Delta, March 2.

CAMP WATSON, Feb. 17, 4 o'clock, P. M.

After closing mine of this morning, I proceeded to the encampment and had not dismounted from my horse before I was asked by a thousand persons whether I had the particulars of the fight between Gen. Taylor and Gen. Santa Anna, at Monterey.

I did not know what to make of it for a while, but at last succeeded in obtaining enough items to show that Gen. Taylor had again met the enemy. As soon as I heard this, I repaired to the quarters of Gen. Twiggs and he stated to me that three Mexicans had arrived this morning from Victoria, who said that the forces of the Americans, after retreating from Saltillo, had made a stand at Monterey and given fight to the Mexicans under Santa Anna.

The conflict is said to have been long and severe, and the loss great on both sides; but, say the Mexicans, Santa Anna ultimately gave way, having sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded—among the latter was Gen. Arista. At this moment I have little time for comment. Ever since I have been advised of the departure of the enemy from San Luis de Potosi, I have been expecting to hear the news of a battle.

To encounter Gen. Taylor, Santa Anna would wish five times his number of men, and knowing that, I feared for the issue of a battle, and I must confess to you that I believe more fully that a battle has been fought than I do of the reported result.

More News of the reported Fight between Gen. Taylor and Santa Anna.

TAMPICO, Wednesday night, Feb. 17, 1847.

The rumor I sent you this evening, relative to a fight between Santa Anna and General Taylor, although Mexican news, is credited by almost every officer here.

The advance of Santa Anna from San Luis to Saltillo had prepared every one for the receipt of the news of a battle, either at that place or at Monterey, and from that they more readily credited the report. The force of the Mexican commander must have been large, judging from the notices of their departure from San Luis, and he had enough, in his own mind, to overcome the 4 or 5,000, if that many, of Gen. Taylor.

Independent of this, the fact of the Mexicans reporting this news, which is against themselves, induces me to attach some credit to it—for, as I have said before, there is generally some fire from whence this sort of smoke issues. The account, as I gathered it last evening, is a little more in detail than is set forth in my letter.

On the approach of Santa Anna to Saltillo, Gen. Taylor fell back on the road to Monterey, followed by the Mexican chief. In his eagerness to outflank our general, and cut off his retreat, he extended his line too far, and so weakened his centre that the ready eye of old Taylor immediately discovered the advantage, and wheeling his column to the right by a quick move, cut through their centre, and made such work on the advanced half, that, before the rear could render them any essential service, they were cut up and dispersed.

The number of killed on the part of the enemy is represented by the Mexicans to have been greater than at any other battle. Among the dangerously wounded I hear the name of Gen. Arista mentioned, but do not learn whether he is a prisoner. I would mention to you the names of several distinguished officers who place implicit confidence in this news, but it is unnecessary.

If you have not received the news of this fight, look at your last dates from Monterey. It would take this news seven or eight days to reach here, and it may be as many more before it reaches you.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 4 s 4½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847.

We have since perceived that the article which a short time ago we touched upon, of the allowance of education money, which was shared by four institutions of this city, has a party consideration, in which there is rather severe alterations. We never wilfully meddle with party matters, and would not even in this if we had then known that it was one. Our notion, however, has been manifested, and then we saw in a morning paper some considerations of the pamphlet which had given rise to our remarks. But we do not feel any alteration in our sentiments. The Grammar schools evidently pay their expenses, the Deaf and Dumb is an excellent institution, and sure we are, that will always be copiously encouraged, and the Rutgers Institute, as we think, has not the slightest right to participate. The project of a free College is, or we presume it is, intended for young persons who shall exhibit proofs of promising genius, but who shall not be in a pecuniary condition to have their talents further cultivated.

We have seen a copy of the proposed bill to the Assemblies of the State, and the address intended to strengthen the notion on the occasion, and all we have to fear is that the idea will be considered too romantic and will easily be overbeaten by the ordinary considerations of worldly interest, and the difficulty of turning the current of a stream.

To Subscribers.—We have recently been informed that some of the subscribers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are charged more than the usual rate of postage, although the postage is paid by us to the lines. We shall feel obliged by any subscriber informing us whether they continue to overcharge, as we steadfastly purpose to have the matter corrected. The proper charge per paper, of the Anglo American, to any of our provincial Subscribers, should be one penny and no more.

Amos Head, Esq. of Charleston, is authorised by us to receive subscriptions to the Anglo American.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

Philharmonic Society's Concert.—The third concert of the present season (there are four in each season of winter) took place on Saturday, the 6th inst., at the Apollo Rooms; and for the first time, we believe from our retrospections, we came away unsatisfied with the performance. It was very well attended, the conductor, Mr. Boucher, did his duty most ably, effectively, and anxiously, but a blight seemed to be on it, and the performance did not come well off. The first part of the concert was taken up by the entire sinfonia No. 7 in A, composed by Beethoven. This is usual with the Philharmonic, who make their first parts of concerts generally consist of an entire composition of a great master; the following explanation was given of it on the bills, which we think is a very judicious manner to adopt, as it helps the information of the audience, and materially adds to their interest in listening to the composition; but we think that this explanation following is rather strained.

"It is well known that it was the invariable custom of Beethoven, previous to composing a work, to go into the country, or to read a poem. (usually one of Goethe.) Unhappily, few of the subjects of his compositions are now known, but these few attest with sufficient force the genius which could embody such scenes as those described in the Pastoral and Eroica Symphonies, by using for materials musical sounds, as the poet and the painter use words and colors. Although it is far from probable that the following idea is the correct one, still it will be found sufficiently in accordance with the sentiment of the music as to enhance, in some degree, the pleasure of the auditors.

"The Symphony appears to tell the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. The introduction may describe the settled despair consequent upon his bereavement, which melts into the second movement, in which he journeys to Hades, and where Hope may be supposed to predominate. The slow movement (the gem of the composition) may represent his cautious step as he approaches the sleeping Cerberus, who guards the gates of the realm of Pluto. The monster wakes, and, lashed into fury, seems to make cat-like leaps to and fro, while Orpheus continues his timid march, and ever and anon the wailings of Eurydice are heard; all however becomes hushed when he sings, and Eurydice and he again approach the barrier which divides Hades from the outer world, with the same fearful march.—Alas for male curiosity! he turns his head, and as he beholds the fleeting shade the movement ends. The *Andante* and *Trio* may describe his homeward journey—hurried and broken, and the *Finale* his state of mind when he knows he is for ever parted from Eurydice, and will be found in many parts to be the very embodiment of mental distraction."

Both in this sinfonia, and in the overture to "Jessonda" written by Spohr, which last was the opening of the second part, we perceived that there was a hesitation throughout the orchestra, and in both of these pieces, we had an idea that many were not "up" in their parts; there was a want of precision in their performing, which ought to be rigidly severe in that matter, which we cannot describe, in better expression than by saying we felt *pain*, and as if we were conscious that something was amiss in which we had part blame.

There was what was called a "Grand Duetto" played by Messrs. Kyle (flute) and Timm (piano forte), but which in reality was a Duetto concertante of these professors, which, as a performance was exquisite, and we doubt whether either of these could have been excelled; but as a composition we shall frankly say it was execrable. It consisted of a simple theme with variations, the latter of which were played alternately by the flute principal and the piano principal. The theme was a poor and bald melody, and we had the impression that the flutist composed as many variations as he thought would do to exhibit

the powers of the instrument, the pianofortist did in like manner for his, and then the piece was wound up, and finished by a Coda.

The instrumental part of the Concert was finished by a "Concert Overture," by Hiller. Now the term concert overture is itself very like nonsense, and the composition was entirely so. It was a shaking together all the musical expressions that could be put into a bag, and poor, indeed, was the general effect.

The only vocalist who assisted at this concert was Mrs. Loder. She first sang the celebrated "Batti batti, O bel Mazetto," of Mozart's "Don Juan," and afterwards the Canzonet of "She never told her love" one of Haydn's well known six canzonets: in both of which she was out of voice, and was not effective. We say this with regret, because it is not frequent, and we have frequent occasion to note her fine and tasteful school; but upon this occasion she was positively bad. In the former piece the band played too loud for her voice, and the whole effect was that of going through a certain number of bars, as a task.

The last concert of the season will take place at the Apollo Saloon, on Saturday evening the 10th of April next, and we anticipate that there will be an excellent description, and well played music.

Musical Entertainment at the Tabernacle.—An affair of this nature took place on Monday night; and, as its purport was the holy one of Charity, and that too for the suffering Highlanders of Scotland, who hitherto have not been mingled up in the sympathies which have been lately so prominent towards the Irish, we feel withheld from using the carping pen of criticism on this occasion. Suffice it then that it appeared to give the greatest satisfaction to the entire audience, that the Tabernacle was full, and we do not doubt that, as every performer was a volunteer, the amount of this charitable receipt would not be less than a clear \$1200. The only thing we regret is that the estimable managers did not make the admission tickets a dollar each instead of half a dollar, for it is exceedingly probable that the attendance would have been equally numerous and the result better for the charity. But we are glad of the triumph of this charitable project, and we cordially congratulate the managers, the committee, and the performers, in its success.

Pianoforte.—Mr. Worcester, the Pianoforte maker of this city, sent an Instrument from his manufactory to Stewart's in Broadway for exhibition, designing, charitably, to give the amount it should be sold for, to the Irish distress fund. We most gladly hear that, being put up for raffle, it had two hundred chances at \$5 each, and thus brought in the large sum of \$1000.

Signorina Barili's Benefit.—On Tuesday evening Signorina Barili had for her benefit the opera by Verdi of "I Lombardi." The conduct of the plot is so complicated that we pretend not to describe it, and it is so very long that it occupies four long acts. But the *mis en scene* is deserving of every praise by this company, and the choruses and the dresses are also carefully correct. The music on the whole is characteristic, for it is evidently intended to be barbaric, and the basses in the orchestra are very predominant, and, according to modern taste too loud. The Signorina sings in good style the music of her part, yet her singing was not true, and she is, we fear, trying too hard to make up her deficiency of volume, by screaming too much, which has a tendency to make her upper notes rather harsh. The best thing she can do is to use moderately the dumb bells, which would assist her chest and lungs; she has we think a good vocal organ, and by proper management she will yet be a good singer. Both Benedetti and Patti acquitted themselves well as Tenor singers, but we did not either like the hardness of Beneventano's style, nor his over action, nor can we very cordially approve that tremolo of voice, which he either affects or else his quality is injured. Sanquirico had but little to sing, and that was in abominable style. The scenes were exceedingly admirable, particularly that of the hermit's cell, the rocky neighborhood, and the distant view of Jerusalem. There was, however, one inappropriate part of the performance, which was beautiful in itself, and without any application to the opera; this was the obligato played by Rapetti, the leader of the orchestra, which was beautiful, and in a style that might enable him to stand a competition with any violinist that has ever appeared in this country, but which had not any application to the subject of the opera, and which was far from any help to either the plot itself or to the feelings which it might then be desirable thereon to produce.

Between the first and second acts, Signorina Barili sang a Romanzo composed by Manna, in which she was accompanied by her brother on the Piano, with an obligato accompaniment on the Violoncello by Mr. Boucher, who played his part in a practical musician's best style.

The house was one crum of audience, and the applause, the wreaths, the bouquets, &c. were abundant.

The following are just published by Mr. Millet at his Music Saloon, Broadway, viz.

Valse.—As danced by the Viennoise company, and a very simple and graceful melody it is. It is becoming a fashionable piece of music in private houses, and we dare to say it will have, as it well deserves, a general sale.

"Love's Serenade."—This is the air which Walcott has made so popular, at the Olympic. It is evidently a musical plagiarism, but it is a most pleasing thing, and is suitable to a mezzo soprano, to a contralto, or to a tenor voice.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—The popularity of the Viennoise children is so great that they were re-engaged at the end of their engagement last week, and they have been filling the house every night during this current week. Although there have been entertainments of many kinds besides at this juncture, and although there are not many varieties in their own line. The neatness with which they

do all their performances, and the taste with which their dances are composed, the sudden changes of their grouping, and the attractive style of arranging their drapery,—all these make a visit or two to the Park whilst they are performing a most desirable thing. Then the farces and short pieces which are acted, are by very clever dramatic artists, and the performances of the two kinds are in very good relief to each other. Mrs. Hunt is at present at this theatre, and her versatility is exceedingly great, but we confess that she is hardly included among those we call "clever dramatic artists," for her style is brusque, her stage assurance is more than we approve even in a professional person; and some of her acting we would almost style—vulgar. But she takes, and that is the best quality for any manager that she can have.

Bowery Theatre.—The drama of "Ethan Allen" is still the rage and approval here, and fills the house well. Here is also a *dansuse* of the name of Dimier who takes well.

Olympic Theatre.—It is said that Miss Taylor is coming here again, under articles. She was a great favourite here, and achieved her highest professional feats here. She also learned most of her professional skill here, under the judicious instruction (except as to singing) of that clever instructor, that man of tact Mr. Mitchell. The Olympic company is very strong at present; Misses Clarke, Roberts, Cruise, Mrs. Timm, &c. are all good, whilst Messrs. Walcott, Nickinson, Conover, and some others to, say nothing of manager Mitchell himself, must always command, which they always have, a good house. The English adaptation, of a very new kind of the Spanish Barber, is well done, and gives a fine idea to the un-Italian part of the audience of the plot of Rosini; open, though much liberty is taken with the musical composition.

The one who is taking harm at present, as a professional, at the Olympic is Miss Partington. She is a beautiful dancer, and by doing worse than nothing, by those every way stupid nonsenses, the dances which are repeated every night with nothing to recommend them, will in the end make her incapable of anything better.

New York Opera House.—Dancing is in the plan of every one of the theatres. Two of those who danced a short time ago at the Park Theatre, are here now, and are favourably received. This house is said to be doing a better business than was by many anticipated, and will probably succeed in making a permanent establishment of it.

Literary Notices

The Fireside Friend, or Female Student.—Harper & Brothers have published a new edition of this esteemed manual for young ladies on the subject of Education, physical, moral, and intellectual. It would be well if every fireside found this friendly monitor, it could not fail proving eminently serviceable at the present day.

Tales of Woman's Trials.—By Mrs. S. C. Hall.—Harpers.—Any production from the practised pen of this favorite writer will be sure of a cordial welcome. The present volume consists of two or three minor tales of deep interest, depicting the various wrongs of her sex which still exist in the British Capital.

Scenes in Nature.—By Mrs. Marcet.—This is a new edition of a very instructive little volume descriptive of the physical fullness of the earth and waters:—a subject full of interest and attraction, for youth. The work forms one of an excellent juvenile series, issued by the Harpers.

Lord on the Apocalypse.—Harpers.—This is an elegant octavo volume devoted to a most difficult yet interesting theme; it is written with great ability and scholarship, and evinces great skill and familiarity with the subject. The views of the author are new and striking, differing essentially from those of any previous exponent,—any previous system of symbolical interpretation, both as to the import of the predictions already accomplished as well as those yet to be fulfilled. At no time has a good system of exposition of this difficult portion of the sacred Canon, been more earnestly sought after than the present, and we venture to predict this work of Mr. Lord will awaken great interest in all sections of the theological world.

Napoleon.—Parts 3 and 4.—By Wm. Hazlitt.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—We noticed the appearance of the first two parts, in our last week's number. The entire work will be completed in six parts, and those which have already appeared make the reader pretty much of Hazlitt's own feeling: that is he becomes partial to the hero of the book.

Spaniards and their Country.—2 Parts complete.—By Richard Ford.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The author of this book nearly as much interests the reader as George Borrow did, and that is saying much in its praise. It makes 84 and 85 of the capital series, "Books which are books."

The Black Prophet.—A Tale of Famine in Ireland.—By Wm. Carleton.—New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.—The very name of this work, and its subject, are sure to form an incentive to its purchase and perusal. But it is written by one who well knows the characteristics of the Irish population, and is in good style. It is also well printed and it is pleasant on that account to read it.

"Romeo and Juliet," and "How to Pay the Rent."—These dramatic works are just published by Wm. Taylor, as part of the Series called the acted Drama, with a few preliminary remarks to each piece by the Editor, Mr. Epes Sargent. The former we need hardly say was written by Shakspeare, the latter by the lamented Power.

American Chess Magazine.—No. 5, Vol. 1.—Edited by C. H. Stanley, Esq.—New York: Martin.—The accomplished editor of this work is doing great

service to this scientific game, and his labors while they appear to be adding to its interest are even improved in the dress rather than falling off in any point whatever.

Buff and Blue, or the Privateers of the Revolution.—By Chas. F. Sterling.—New York: W. H. Graham.—The present work is "a tale of Long Island Sound" and the number before us completes not the subject. The author in his preface tells us that the incidents in it did actually occur, though perhaps not exactly in the order in which they are set down in the book, and that it presents altogether a true phase of what was called the "Corduroy Times."

The London Art Union.—The New York agent of this very beautiful work, Mr. J. P. Ridner, has received the February number of it. It contains three first rate plates; viz. "The Children in the Wood" in most expressive style telling the story, "The Dancing Girl" a fine engraving from the famous piece of Sculpture of Canova, and "The blind Fiddler" from Winkie exceedingly well and faithfully executed from the original painting, which is a well known subject. Here are also a great many wood cuts, both ingenious and illustrative of important and interesting matter, and a very large amount of letter press very important to artists, to ornamental manufacturers, and to all who feel an interest in the progress of these things. This work is a little larger and more expensive than the former series, but is much cheaper, all things considered.

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY.—The Chambers of the Paris Cour Royale, assembled together, had to decide on Saturday, on an application of Prince d'Eckmuhl, Peer of France, to be freed from the control of a judicial counsel, imposed on him in 1837, on the demand of his mother. It appeared, that when the applicant had come of age, he owed money to a great amount, for follies incidental to youth, such as gambling, horses, &c. So extravagant had he been, that an application to the law courts was deemed requisite, and eventually General Coutard was nominated judicial counsel. The Prince then determined to absent himself from France for a few years, and he accordingly set out on a voyage round the world. He was absent six years, and had never during that period either gambled, kept horses, or indulged in any other expensive pursuit; he had, in fact, saved 150,000fr. out of the income allowed to him by his judicial counsel. He at last returned, at the request of his mother, and after some time applied to her to have the judicial counsel removed, and the management of his affairs placed in his own hands. She declared that she had no objection, but that she should affix one condition to his release—that he should marry. He replied, that to marry under such circumstances would not be worthy of his name; that it must not be said that the Prince d'Eckmuhl had married in order to recover the administration of his property. Such was the case, as sustained on Saturday by M. Paillet, for the Prince, in an appeal against a former decision, refusing his application; whilst M. Boroche, for General Coutard argued against the demand. The court, after ten minutes' deliberation, maintained the Prince under the control of his judicial counsel.

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Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
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Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	Jan. 20, May 20, Sept. 20.	Mar. 10, July 10, Nov. 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	Feb. 10, June 10, Oct. 10.	Apr. 10, Aug. 10, Dec. 10.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.	Apr. 20, Aug. 20, Dec. 20.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	Mar. 10, July 10, Nov. 10.	May 10, Sept. 10, Jan. 10.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	Mar. 20, July 20, Nov. 20.	May 20, Sept. 20, Jan. 20.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sehor,	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	Apr. 10, Aug. 10, Dec. 10.	June 10, Oct. 10, Feb. 10.
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Cambridge,	W. C. Barnstow,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16.
Fidelia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	July 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	Sept. 16, Dec. 16, April 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	Oct. 16, Dec. 16, April 16.
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